THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE BREHON LAWS.

Magnificent Monuments of Ireland's Ancient Civilization Collated by the Learned Laurence Ginnell.

Something that Degenerate Irish Men and Women Should Read to Cure Them of Moral Cowardice and General Cawboguery.

The ordinary reader, who has a not unnatural repugnance to legal literature, need not be frightened away by the subtitle of Mr. Laurence Ginnell's new work on the Brehon Laws. In the strict sense of the word, this is not a legal handbook at all. It is essentially a popular exposition of the ancient laws of Ireland, written in a clear, distinct style, omitting nothing that is relevant to the subject as a whole, while singularly free from those technical expressions which are commonly found in legal handbooks proper. The author makes it plain from the outset that the work is written by an Irishman, who is a Nationalist in the truest sense of the word, and who takes a pride in his country and its traditions. At the same time he never departs from that judicial impartiality which the reader has a right to expect from a legal gentleman who essays to instruct the ordinary mortal in laws, either ancient or modern.

A glance at the contents table of this neat volume of 250 pages shows at once that the laws made and enforced by our ancestors must have been of a very minute character, as they dealt not only with all the relations of social life, but even with the family circle itself. The text bears out this conclusion in the amplest manner. It is not their comprehensive character, however, which is the most striking feature of these ancient laws in the estimation of the modern student. It is, rather, their great antiquity—an antiquity which goes farther back, as Mr. Ginnell shows, than the laws and jurisprudence of any country in Western Europe. If their antiquity suggests of itself that our ancestors in the prehistoric times were more civilized than the neighboring nations—who had no laws worthy of the name until centuries after the Irish system had been brought to considerable perfection—the nature and the principles of the Brehon Laws leave no doubt whatsoever that these laws were only possible among a people who had raised themselves, without external aid or suggestion, to a high state of civilization. It is perfectly safe to come to the conclusion that with the evolution of the Brehon Laws from a simple to a very complex system civilization also advanced in a corresponding degree. From the modern standpoint the ancient Irish civilization may seem crude and imperfect. But, as Mr. Ginnell points out, that civilization cannot be judged by modern standards. It was the growth of the times, and was suitable to the circumstances of the people. For the age in which it was developed it was distinctly advanced, and the civilization of other European countries, excepting that of Greece, perhaps, were non-existent when Irish civilization was advanced. The Brehon Laws existed for a thousand years before the Christian era, and existed for at least fifteen hundred years after. Where is the nation of antiquity that can show a better record than that?

The reader will not have dipped very deeply into Mr. Ginnell's intensely interesting work before he will ask himself how it is that so much attention has been paid to the semi-chaotic Ireland of the past 600 years or so, while so little has been devoted to the Ireland of the 2,000 years that preceded? The popular impression that all that can be known of Pagan Ireland is enshrouded in the mystic legends, which are regarded somewhat in the light of fairy tales, is altogether unjustifiable. How erroneous this impression is can be quickly gathered from Mr. Ginnell's "Brehon Laws." These laws are no legends. They speak eloquently of a living civilization, of a high order of intellectual culture, and of a prolonged period of national progress, which cannot be contemplated without pride by the true Irishman of today. As Mr. Ginnell says: "The charge of having been produced or tinged by imagination cannot be made against the laws, rules and customs which actually controlled the daily lives, conduct and destinies of our ancestors, and under which they labored, fought, played and prayed, as occasion demanded. These remains at least represent what were once the realities of life: and the knowledge and the study of them must with absolute certainty help, so far as they go, to dispel the mist of years. And while one reads, if perchance his taste should be of wider scope, he is enabled to gather incidentally much archæological information not strictly legal, but of a kind difficult if at all possible to glean from other sources, all stamped here with the authenticity of the law, and not less valuable for being thus given without design."

Speaking of the manuscripts from which our knowledge of the Brehon Laws are derived, Mr. Ginnell says: "Although we still possess a great deal of written matter as compared with other countries, far more than we possess has been lost. Still competent judges say that our extant manuscript materials are both for antiquity and intrinsic worth, treasures such as no nation north of the Alps can boast of. Anyone who suspects this for a Gaelic exaggeration had better visit the Royal Irish Academy and have his incredulity speedily and and agreeably cured by the evidence of his own eyes. Whatever else may be said of those remote ancestors of ours, it must be admitted that they were singularly devoted to literature, and if the remains of their work have a high value and interest for strangers and Teutons, to us whose heritage they are, and whose privilege and pride it is to call Ireland our native land, they should be not alone valuable and interesting, but sacred. A people possessing such precious monuments and indifferent to them, would certainly be unworthy of the race and country that produced them, and would merit the censure of civilized mankind."

Mr. Ginnell performs one good Irishman's part towards securing that his countrymen shall not, through want of opportunity, fall under the reproach of indifference to these memorials of the past. This is not the place to give any elaborate idea of the result of his researches and labors. Whoever is desirous to know something definite about the Brehon Laws should consult the book itself. That it wil well repay perusal we have no hesitation in saying. The Irishman who reads it, and lays it down without feeling a better Nationalist in the highest sense of the word, is a man whose patriotism cannot be of a very enduring nature. To read of the functions of Bards and Brehons, Kings, Druids, Chiefs and clans, is to call up before the mind a picture of a free people and an independent nation, existing and prospering ages before the Britons and the Saxons had emerged from the stage of painted savagery. The picture becomes the more complete when we read of the Feis of Tara, and the Provincial and Tribal Assemblies. The well-arranged chapters on the criminal laws, the laws relating to marriage, fosterage, distraint, and so on, have far more than a merely technical interest, inasmuch as they show clearly that the ancient Irish possessed a very complete social system. Few parts of the work, however, will be read with more interest than that relating to the clan system in its relation to land-ownership, bearing in mind that the very land code which prevailed in ancient Ireland is that now advocated, with essential modifications to suit modern times, by a large and increasing section of the community. The ownership of the land under the Brehon Laws was vested in the clans, and private ownership was not recognized. The chiefs and Brehons who held land in considerable quantities did so as the officials of the people, not as private individuals. The tribute paid by clansmen to their chiefs, by chiefs to minor kings, and by those latter to the Monarch of Ireland, was not "a rent" as understood in a modern sense, but the payment of officials out of the national property.

Viewed as a whole this book is one of the most valuable of latter-day contributions to Irish literature. It brings the Brehon Laws, in their essence, and with suitable brevity and simplicity, within reach of the ordinary student to whom they were hitherto practically a closed book. It does more than give information as to the nature, extent and limitations of the ancient laws of Ireland. It conveys the lesson that a people whose forefathers were able to formulate such a complete code of laws, and to religiously observe them without any resort to coercion, should be competent, if given a fair chance, to regulate their own affairs with at least equal success today, having due regard to the immense changes in the circumstances of the times. For many Irishmen Mr. Ginnell has opened up a new range of thought and a new course of study. A widespread perusal of his work will help to quicken National thought and strengthen National aspirations. He has performed a service on behalf of Ireland for which he deserves well of his countrymen, and we hope that our people will repay him by their hearty approbation.—*Independent.*

THE BREHON LAWS: A LEGAL HAND-BOOK. By LAURENCE GINNELL, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Row. 6s.

The Success which Hood's Sarsaparilla has had in freeing old and young from afflictions caused by impure blood, is really remarkable. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a building-up medicine.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantliever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

CHRIST'S DIVINITY.

Remarkable Discourse of Napoleon the First on the Subject, While a Captive in St. Helena.

The Savior's the Only Perfect Career the World Has Known—All Other Lives Were Merely Human.

"One evening at St. Helena," says M. Beauterne, "the conversation was animated. The subject treated of was an exalted one; it was the divinity of Jesus Christ. Napoleon defended the truth of this doctrine with the arguments and eloquence of a man of genius, with something also of the native faith of the Corsican and the Italian. To the objections of one of the interlocutors, who seemed to see in the Savior but a sage, an illustrious philosopher, a great man, the Emperor replied:

"'I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds may see some resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires, the conquerors, and the gods of other religions. The resemblance does not exist. I see in Lycurgus, Numa, Confucius and Mohammed merely legislators, but nothing which reveals the Deity. On the contrary, I see numerous relations between them and myself. I make out resemblances, weaknesses and common errors which assimilate them to myself and humanity. Their faculties are those which I possess. But it is different with Christ. Everything about Him astonishes me. His spirit surprises me, and His will confounds me. Between Him and anything of this world there is no possible term of comparison. He is really a Being apart.

"'The nearer I approach Him and the more closely I examine Him the more everything seems above me; everything continues great with a greatness that crushes me. His religion is a secret belonging to Himself alone, and proceeds from an intelligence which is assuredly not the intelligence of man. There is in Him a profound originality, which creates a series of sayings and maxims hitherto unknown.

"'Christ expects everything from His death. Is that the invention of a man? On the contrary, it is a strange course of procedure, a superhuman confidence, an inexplicable reality. In every other existence than that of Christ what imperfections, what changes. I defy you to cite any existence other than that of Christ exempt from the least vacilation, free from all such blemishes and changes. From the first day to the last He is the same, always the same, majestic and simple, infinitely severe and infinitely gentle.

"'How the horizon of His empire extends, and prolongs itself into infinitude! Christ reigns beyond life and beyond death. The past and the future are alike to Him; the kingdom of the truth has, and in effect can have, no other limit than the false. Jesus has taken possession of the human race; He has made of it a single nationality, the nationality of upright men, whom He calls to a perfect life.

"'The existence of Christ from beginning to end is a tissue entirely mysterious, I admit, but that mystery meets difficulties which there are in all existences. Reject it, the world is an enigma; accept it and we have an admirable solution of the history of man.

"'Christ speaks, and henceforth generations belong to Him by bonds more close, more intimate than those of blood, by a union more than sacred, more imperious than any other union beside. He kindles the name of a love which kills out the love of self and prevails over every other love. Without contradiction the greatest miracle of Christ is the reign of love.

"'All who believe sincerely in Him believe in this love, wonderful, superhuman, supreme. It is a phenomenon inexplicable, impossible to reason and the power of man; a sacred fire given to the earth by the new Prometheus, of which time, the great destroyer, can neither exhaust the forces nor terminate the duration. This is what I wonder at most of all, for I often think about it: and it is that which absolutely proves to me the divinity of Christ.'

"Here the voice of the Emperor assumed a peculiar accent of ironical melancholy and profound sadness: 'Yes, our existence (the existence of great men) has shone with all the splendor of the crown and sovereignty. But reverses have come, the gold is effaced little by little. The rain of misfortunes and outrages with which we are deluged every day carries away the last particle. We are only lead, gentlemen, and soon we shall be but dust. Such is the destiny of great men; such is the near destiny of the great Napoleon.

"'What an abyss between my profound misery and the eternal reign of Christ, proclaimed, worshipped, beloved, adored, living throughout the whole universe! Is that to die? Is it not rather to live?'"

ST. PATRICK'S CELEBRATION.

At the St. Patrick's celebration to be held in Central Music Hall on Monday evening, March 18, the Rev. Father Ryan, formerly pastor of Holy Family church, will speak on "Ireland's Hope." This well known and highly gifted priest is at present rector of the Cathedral in Toronto. Short addresses will be made by Rev. J. P. Dore, of the Holy Name Cathedral; Rev. D. P. O'Brien, of St. Columbkille's; Rev. A. J. McGavick, of All Saints'; Rev. P. P. Murray, of St. Bernard's, and others. The archbishop is expected to preside. A well selected musical programme will be presented.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

A ROYAL-ARCH REBEL.

Washington's Birthday.
(1732—Feb. 22—1895)

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

The land astounded heard the gun
Fir'd by King's troops at Lexington,
And battle-news from Concord came
That set the colonies aflame;
The guns that blazed on Bunker Hill
Sent o'er the land a patriot thrill,
And freedom's sons stood arm to arm
When trumpets sounded war's alarm.

The Tories claimed the right divine
For George—and all his kingly line—
To tax the land—field, vale and hill,
To pillage, plunder, maim and kill,
All property to confiscate—
Suspend the laws—suppress the state.
And citizens on scaffolds swing
As rebels 'gainst their sovereign king.

A rebel—neath the broad, bright sky—
Had but one right—the right to die—
To hang—be quarter'd like an ox—
Be hunted down like wolf or fox:
Outlaw'd! proscribed! a direful thing—
Under the ban of court and king,
Denied a grave beheath the sod—
A rebel to his king and God.

Oppression roused to arms the land!
Oppression made rebellion grand!
And patriots born in every clime
Drew swords in freedom's cause sublime,
Tyrants to thwart at home—abroad—
Obedient to the law of God,
To break the shackle—burst the thong—
Restore the right! resist the wrong!

Oppression brought to freedom's van
The Catholic—the Puritan—
From Baltimore—from Plymouth rock—
In arms, to breast war's deadly shock,
And from the peaceful land of Penn
Came forward troops of patriot men;
Proud Carolina's sons rode forth,
And Georgian planters posted north.

The old Bay State then heard the cheers
Of proud Virginian cavaliers,
And at the head of that brave band
Who came to guard fair freedom's land
Rode Washington, a rebel proud
As ever dared the battle cloud,
For country, honor, peace to give
His life, that liberty might live.

Then came the shock—the crimson strife
For liberty, for home and life;
That proud Insurgent led the brave—
The rebel hosts—by land and wave.
At Trenton o'er the icy flood—
On Monmouth's field of death and blood—
At Yorktown—where fair freedom won
Eternal bays for Washington.

TO ESTABLISH A READING ROOM.

It is well known that the responses to charity are always more liberal when an equivalent is given. This fact being evident, it is proposed to give two different entertainments, one each, as follows: On Feb. 21, at the residence of Mrs. R. Philip Gormully, No. 459 Dearborn avenue, and on Feb. 28 at the residence of Mrs. James E. Eagle, No. 470 Elm street. The proceeds from said entertainments will be devoted to the establishing, fitting up and maintaining of a reading and resting room, to be located at No. 144 E. Chicago avenue, for men of all creeds and nationalities; newspapers and periodicals will be kept on file. The rooms will be kept clean and warm, and will have competent attendants at all times. At Mrs. Gormully's residence the attraction will be the Steindorff-Wilke musical, and at Mrs. Eagle's, Prof. Maurice Francis Egan, of Notre Dame University, will lecture on a literary subject. Music by Miss Potwin and Miss Denison.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

White Star Line.

The Majestic arrived at New York on Wednesday at 12 m.

The Teutonic arrived at Queenstown on Tuesday at 12 p.m.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed. Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars; free.

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CHAMPAIGN HIBERNIANS.

The Installation of a Ladies Auxiliary to Division No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians, in Champaign, Ill.

The State Officers of the Order Hospitably Entertained—The Installation Ceremonies, Election of Officers, Etc.

For warm hospitality and splendid entertaining qualities commend us to the brothers of the Ancient Order in Champaign, Ill. Their company is like their namesake—exhilarating and inspiring; their work is like the broad farms they till—fruitful and valuable. We know no more genial hosts and recognize no better Hibernians than the brothers of Champaign county. They excelled themselves, however, on Thursday, the 11th inst. when they invited State President John T. Keating and the State officers to visit Champaign, to enrol in the ranks of the Daughters of Erin a Ladies Auxiliary to Division No. 1 of their county. To greet the visitors representatives from Ivesdale and Tolono, as well as the local division assembled at the depot and the State President was gratified to be welcomed by many he had not met since the State convention. After interchange of greetings an informal meeting was held in Society hall, when the state of the order was discussed, suggestions for future development considered, and warm hopes expressed for future progress of the A.O.H. After conference, State President Keating, accompanied by some of the county officers, waited on the esteemed pastor, Rev. Father Wagner, who expressed himself as much interested in the progress of the Ancient Order and its worth as a society of Catholics, which had done much for mother church and holy faith. The reverend gentleman accompanied the Hibernian officers to the hall, where everything was in readiness for the installation of the Ladies' Auxilliary. The following ladies presented themselves as qualified to be enrolled under the patronage of St. Bridget: Mesdames P. L. Hayes, J. Heffernan, W. Heffernan, J. Graney, M. E. Murray, E. Clifford, D. Price, J. Coady, H. Thorpe, J. Hagen, J. Loftus, T. Lyman, F. Costello, W. Jones, T. McGrath, A. McKeown; Misses Lizzie Buckley, Mame Whealon, Sarah O'Neil, Anna Prendergast, Emma Quirk, Mamie Ward, Pally Bowen, Alice Fitzgerald, Maggie Higgins, Belle McKeown, Rose Hughes, Agnes Hughes, Mary McKinnery, Anna Henry, Kate McGraw, Mary Henry, Aggie Joyce, Mamie Cleary, Kate Conerty, Anna McCauley, Mary McCauley, Kate Hagen, Mary Hagen, Maggie Ward, Ella Hughes, Mary Farley, Anna Conley, Nellie Conley, Mamie McCann, Mary O'Neil, Maggie Quirk, Maggie Donley, Katie Donley, Mary Lyman, Mamie Sullivan, Anna Boyle, Maggie Farley. The State president was assisted by the following gentlemen: Messrs. T. Lyman, J. McDonnell, W. A. Murphy, T. J. Cannon, M. Loftus, W. Coughlin, W. McMullen, W. J. McFadden, John Keegan, J. Loftus, T. McCarthy, J. Boyle, J. Sullivan, J. Walsh, F. Costello, J. Corcoran, J. McCarthy, T. McMahon, J. Heffernan, T. Hagan, J. Hagan, J. P. McCarthy, E. McCann, and M. O'Beirne.

After installation of the Auxiliary the members prodeeded to the election of officers for the same, which resulted as follows: President, Mrs. F. Costello; vice-president, Miss Lizzie Buckley; second vice-president, Miss Anna Boyle; recording secretary, Miss Rose Hughes; financial secretary, Miss Mamie Ward; treasurer, Mrs. Wm. Heffernan; guide, Miss Kate Donley; assistant guide, Miss Alice Fitzgerald; guard, Miss Nellie Conley; assistant guard, Miss Mamie Sullivan; chaplain, Miss Pally Powen. The officers having been duly installed, Mrs. Costello addressed the meeting in an able review of the field of labor open for their Auxiliary, and a promise of earnest co-operation with Division No. 1 in the cause of faith and motherland.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies all present adjourned to the Carter House, where the tables fairly groaned beneath the weight of good things included in the elaborate menu of a banquet tendered by Division No. 1 to the Ladies' Auxiliary and visitors to Champaign. It was indeed a feast of wit as well as of viands. Merry laughter provoked by good humored sarcasm and quick retort gave zest to the enjoyment such as can only be found where sons and daughters congregate. After the usual toasts the gathering reassembled at the hall, where a programme of excellent talent was submitted, commencing with a splendid chorus entitled "The Last Words of Emmet," in which the following ladies took part: Mrs. P. L. Hayes, Mrs. F. Costello, Mrs. J. Heffernan, Miss Mame Ward, Miss Maggie Ward and Miss Mary McKinney, assisted by Mr. John Boyle. The next number was a beautifully rendered instrumental solo by Mrs. P. L. Hayes, which received merited applause. The chairman, Mr. J. McDonnell, then introduced State President John T. Keating, who spoke on "The Aims and Objects of the A.O.H." The speaker gave a brief history of the Order, its work, and present standing. He spoke of the need of such a society among our people, the benefit to be derived from it, and the great power it could wield in the elevation of the race. He contrasted the A.O.H. with all other societies, and proved that while the Ancient Order contained all that other orders promised, it also gave to its members what no other society gave to any citizens of our cosmopolitan nation, namely, the association of men of faith and one race. He traced the progress of the Order in this country, referring lightly to the obstacles encountered and overcome. In conclusion he expressed his appreciation of the work of the brothers of Champaign county, and his belief in the new impetus the advent of the Ladies' Auxiliary would give to the Order, hoping the gentlemen would vie with each other in making the path of the daughters of Erin as smooth as their earnestness in the cause deserves.

The next number was a well arranged chorus, "The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls," by the same talent which appeared in the first number. The Rev. Father Wagner delivered a magnificent address on the relation of the Catholic church to ancient and modern societies. The reverend gentleman's address was a masterly resume of societies from the earliest ages of the church. He pointed out that clerical assistance was always given to societies of pure intentions. He closed his able address by courteous and kindly allusion to the A.O.H., and warmly commended its membership and merits to all of Celtic race. He wished earnest and glorious success to the Daughters of Erin in their enterprise of friendship and charity.

The next number was a solo from Mrs. W. Heffernan, who sweetly rendered in excellent voice the "Little Irish Home Across the Sea," and was succeeded by Mr. W. J. McFadden in "The Boys of Garryowen," who was applauded to the echo. We had almost forgotten Bro. McDonnell's speech of welcome, which glowed with genuine Irish hospitality, couched in choice diction and charmed every hearer. After a stirring speech from Bro. Loftus the exercises closed with some Irish dances, in which Mrs. Costello and Mrs. Clifford were chief participants and were a very pleasing item in the excellent programme. The floor was then cleared for dancing, which was kept up until the "wee sma' hours." The rememberance of so pleasant an experience will be long treasured by the visitors who regretfully left for their distant homes as the gray dawn was beginning to tint the horizon. We give the palm to Champaign county for well arranged and elaborate entertainments, and feel certain that their enthusiasm and good fellowship will do much to strengthen the Order in their vicinity, and we look for large additions to the present membership in the near future. The Ladies' Auxiliary has material best suited for giving needed assistance to the work of the divisions for the elevation of idea and general toning of the method, exercises and entertainments. We foresee great results under the guidance of Mrs. Costello and her sister officers, and wish them all success in the good work for Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity. SHAUN.

BETRAYAL OF HOME RULE.

[*Chicago Herald, Feb. 13*].

The Rosebery ministry is now holding office by the kindness of its political enemies.

On John Redmond's motion to advise the queen to dissolve parliament and go to the electorate on the question of a native parliament for Ireland to deal with domestic questions the ministry was saved by a dozen votes secured from the conservatives. The whole vote was a full one for the house, especially at so early a period in a session.

The Parnellites have definitely withdrawn from the Liberal and anti-Parnellite jug-handle arrangement, and it was necessary for the ministers to accept aid from Tories and Liberal Unionists to prevent defeat so emphatic that no recourse but dissolution would remain.

An old and detestable trick is thus repeated once more in the international relations of Ireland and England. This is not the first time Tory and professed Liberal have clasped hands over the prostrate form of the Cinderella of the empire. Liberal and Tory will fight each other on every other issue, but when it is necessary to refuse to do something for Ireland, even to fulfill a long and solemnly registered promise of relief and rehabilitation, Tory and Liberal will cease fighting each other and will join in their hereditary hatred of the hapless island for perpetuation of robbery and spoliation.

It may be deemed settled now that parliamentary progress on home rule is suspended. The McCarthy alliance with Rosebery and Morley is sterile. No fruit is to be expected from that combination. Redmond and his squad are also impotent. English bills, Scotch bills, Welsh bills, bills of trade, for churches, for municipal improvements in England and Scotland, bills for everything that is not for Ireland, will speed apace, and the voice of Ireland at Westminster is as hushed as it was before the great days of the Land League, when, with American cheer and American help, that deigation was rescued from Whiggery and insignificance into Nationalism, and numbers so great that while united and virile the party was able to dictate terms to both British parties.

The removal of Gladstone by intrigue from the premiership and insertion of the snob and stumbler Rosebery in the vacant place, are clearly seen in later light to have been but preliminaries to the consummation witnessed in the support given to the betrayal of home rule by Rosebery, who, to the lasting reproach of a bedraggled and futile premiership, now holds office by grace of his avowed political foes, on the basis of betrayal of his party's platform.

SENATE FOR SILVER.

UPPER HOUSE ONCE MORE PUTS ITSELF ON RECORD.

"Unrestricted" Coinage Favored on a Test Roll Call 30 to 27—Gray Defends the President's Bond Bargain and Sherman Says It Was a Bad One.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.—By a bold parliamentary move, the silver men of the senate, under the leadership of Jones of Arkansas, forced aside all other pending business—including appropriation bills—and by a vote of 30 to 27 made the bill for the unrestricted coinage of silver unfinished business before the senate. Having succeded in this Jones gave notice that the silver bill would be kept before the senate until a final vote was secured before adjournment today. From the strength shown by the silver men on the votes there was little doubt of Jones' ability to secure the vote today unless obstructive tactics or a test of physical endurance are inaugurated, which is regarded as likely. The move of the silver men came as the climax of an exciting day in the senate.

Gray Defends the President.

For two hours at the opening of the session there was a renewal of the attack and defense, the charge and counter charge concerning the course of the president and secretary of the treasury in negotiating the recent bond contract with foreign bankers. The two notable speeches of the day were made by Gray of Delaware, whose relations with the administration are such that his utterances in defense of the president and secretary were regarded as reflecting the attitude of the executive branch; and by Sherman, whose financial views are always received with marked attention. Gray's defense of the president was in brief that it was an emergency and that gold was absolutely necessary; that in the emergency the president had made the best bargain he could, with congress standing idly by and an apparent majority thereof ready to declare for paying the government obligations in "cheap" money.

Sherman's Criticism of the Contract.

Sherman's criticisms of the bond contract were none the less severe because of the calm and dispassionate manner in which he set forth what he termed "its hard and impolitic" features, and the "excessive" rate of interest allowed on thirty-year bonds. Sherman declared that no bonds should be issued except to be taken by the people of the United States, and he asserted the abundant ability of Americans to furnish all the gold necessary. The Ohio senator did not, however, question the president's position in favor of gold payments, but presented the facts of all bond issues since 1869, showing that the government had always received gold for its bonds and was bound in common honesty to pay in gold for them. Which statement did not alter the fact that there is now and has been for some time a majority in the senate that does not believe common honesty calls for any such thing.

Anti-Silver Vote on the Roll Call.

And this was proved by the vote referred to in the foregoing, when 30 voted against 27 for the "unrestricted" coinage of silver—for that was the effect of the vote. "Unrestricted" coinage is not free coinage, but it is closer to it than we have been for some years. It will take all the silver offered and coin it into 412½ grain dollars—worth a little over 50 cents in bullion, and Uncle Sam, while buying the ounce for between 50 and 60 cents, will pocket the seigniorage. The men who voted against this kind of silver dollars were: Allison, Brice, Camden, Carey, Chandler, Davis, Dixon, Frye, Gallinger, George, Gibson, Gray, Hale, Hawley, Hill, Hoar, McMillan, McPherson, Manderson, Mitchell of Wisconsin, Palmer, Pasco, Platt, Proctor, Quay, Ransom, Vilas; total, 27.

Pairs—First named would have voted yea: Mitchell of Oregon and Aldrich, Blanchard and Burrows, Cockrell and Cullom, Coke and Dolph, Faulkner and Higgins, Gordon and Wilson of Iowa, Hoech and Gorman, Irby and Morrill, Pritchard and Lindsay, Martin and Lodge, Mills and Sherman, Wolcott and Murphy, Power and Caffery, Shoup and Smith, Vest and Washburn.

Sherman's speech was all through a plea for the payment of all national obligations in the best money to be had. They should, like Cæsar's wife, be above suspicion. Of the recent loan he said at the close that he had not intended any personal criticism of the president or of the secretary of the treasury. "They have made a bad bargain—that is all, but being a bargain we must live up to it."

TWENTY SOCIETIES REPRESENTED.

Proceedings of the First Day of the National Council of Women.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.—Twenty associations were represented in the throng that faced May Wright Sewall as she took the chair to preside at the second triennial session of the National Council of Women. Among those present were Susan B. Anthony, Frances E. Willard and other well known women agitators. The opening session was devoted to reading greetings and getting into working order.

In her address Mrs. Sewall said it was hoped within a year to call a convention to federate all the women's clubs in the country. The evening session considered religion, and Mary A. Davis, president of the Baptist Society, presided. Mrs. F. S. Mosher talked of home ethics and sociological duties and Mrs. E. B. Cheny of practical Christianity. Mrs. Mary Dickenson, of New York, spoke of woman's increasing service in the churches and referred sarcastically of those denominations who yet hold with St. Paul.

She said that the Unitarians and Quakers alone had granted women absolutely equal rights in all church work. The Methodists had in a few cases ordained women as ministers. Mrs. Mary A. Davis said she wished to correct one statement of Mrs. Dickenson. The Free Baptists had, she said, more than a score of ordained women preachers.

Savannah People Enjoy Themselves.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Feb. 18.—Two inches of snow fell here. Business was practically suspended, the people giving themselves up to the unusual pleasure of snowballing. Schools were closed so the children might have an opportunity to enjoy the rare sport.

Brooklyn Strike Is Over.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 18.—The trolley strike which has lasted thirty-four days and just been declared off officially, has cost an enormous amount of money. Three million dollars is considered by those directly involved, a moderate estimate.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

Proceedings of the National Lawmakers in Both Houses.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—The senate took up the postoffice appropriation bill spending its time on the proposition to have the government own railway postal cars. Vilas offered a bill authorizing the treasury to sell gold bonds and Sherman a bill for gold bonds and temporary gold certificates. A call was made on the president for a copy of the contract with the bankers. The house resolution extending the time for making returns on the income tax to April 15 was agreed to.

The house devoted the day to business relating to the District of Columbia, and with but one exception was featureless. Van Voorhis waned to call on the president for the contract with the bankers for the new loan, when Wilson informed the house that the resolution the ways and means committee would report on the gold bond matter would contain a copy of the contract. Wilson shortly after presented a resolution providing for 3 per cent. gold bonds and with it a report and the desired contract.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—The senate in consideration of the postoffice appropriation bill voted against any changes in the railway mail system, but failed to pass the bill. A long letter was received from Secretary Carlisle giving information of the condition of the treasury.

In the house the only business done was the adoption of a rule to discuss and vote on the gold bond resolution and then the refusal to pass the resolution to third reading by a vote of 167 to 120, thus killing the third attempt to relieve the treasury on the basis advocated by the administration.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18. — A storm of financial debate swept over the senate, exceeding in intensity any discussion the upper branch of congress has had in many days. It was brought on by Hill's advocacy of his resolution defining the policy of the government for bimetallism and for paying its obligations in the best money in use. During the debate Wolcott declared the president had injured the country's credit by letting 5 per cent. bonds go at such a small premium. Lodge said the contract with the syndicate was the blackest financial act in history. Teller, Stewart and others talked. The agricultural appropriation was briefly considered.

The house concluded the general debate on the naval appropriation bill, agreed to the senate amendments for the sale of isolated tracts of public lands, reducing the minimum price for such lands from $2.50 to 1.25 per acre, passed twelve pension bills and a bill to give two condemned cannon to the Iowa Historical society. The senate amendments to the postoffice appropriation bill were disagreed to. The remainder of the day was devoted to eulogies on the life and character of the late Senator Colquitt, of Georgia.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.—In the senate speeches were made on finances, particularly with reference to the recent bond contract, by Stewart, who declared the contract illegal; Gray, who defended it as necessary in view of the inaction of congress, and Sherman, who said it was a bad bargain, but upheld the principle involved it the contract. The silver men then by a vote of 30 to 27 made Jones' unrestricted silver coinage bill unfinished business, and Jones gave notice that he would try to get a vote on it today before adjournment. The agricultural appropriation bill was passed with an appropriation for irrigation and without appropriations for fire and drought sufferers.

The house passed the bill to raise the rate of pensions of Mexican war veterans to $12 a month; also the bill to equalize the salaries of inspectors of hulls and boilers. The bill to authorize the construction of certain dams across the St. Louis and Cloquet rivers in Minnesota was defeated for want of a two-third vote. The naval appropriation was considered without action in committee of the whole.

DOES DOLE RESORT TO TORTURE?

Story of Outrage on an American Citizen Told at San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 18.—One of the local papers has a letter from its special correspondent in Honolulu which says that Captain William Davies, of the steamer Waimanolo, refused to tell the court trying the late rebels what he knew about the matter. He is an American citizen, and was denied communication with the American minister or consul.

He was strung up by the thumbs at intervals from noon until 6 p. m. He fainted several times, but was revived and again put to the torture, until in his agony he told what he knew. A young native was also tortured by being placed in a tank of ice-cold water and kept there until nearly dead.

NO MEXICO-GUATEMALA WAR.

The Two Countries Arrive at a Basis of Agreement Without a Fight.

CITY OF MEXICO, Feb. 18.—The Guatemala question is at last amicably settled upon an equitable basis between the two republics. The boundary between the two countries will be definitely determined upon and a war indemnity is agreed to by Guatemala, who will also pay damages for Mexican property destroyed. Guatemala's official acceptance of Mexico's conditions will arrive here next week and will be immediately published. This will permanently terminate the famous imbroglio between Mexico and Guatemala.

Was Short and Blew His Brains Out.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 16.—A. M. Legg, traveling auditor of the Wabash railway, and W. R. Buckmaster, traveling accountant of the Pacific Express company, arrived at Riverton, this county, to investigate the accounts of the agent, C. J. Bowman, who had been short in remittances. Bowman remarked to them that he was short in his accounts and that he would get the amount from friends, and left the station. Some time elapsed and the officials sent a man to find Bowman. The latter was found lying in a box car with his brains blown out. He had suicided. Bowman was 25 years old and leaves a young wife whom he married two years ago, in Concord, Ills., and a baby. His parents reside at Meredosia, Ills.

The Option Has Expired.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19. — The option under which it would have been possible for congress to substitute a 3 per cent. "gold" bond for the 5 per cent. "coin" bond which the secretary of the treasury has agreed to sell the Belmont-Morgan syndicate expired at noon yesterday, and now Secretary Carlisle must deliver the bonds to the purchasers as fast as they are called for and as gold is deposited to meet them.

RIFT IN THE CLOUD.

MAGGIE WACHTEL'S TESTIMONY FAVORS HAYWARD.

She Swears That Blixt, in His Confession to the State Counsel, Charged Adry, Not Harry, with the Murder, Gives Hall the Character of a Legal Bulldozer.

MINNEAPOLIS, Feb. 18.—"How does it look now, old man?" asked Harry Hayward after court adjourned yesterday afternoon, as he slapped a friend on the back and laughed heartily. He was in a good humor. It had been a day for the defense. After four long weeks of trial the defense had at last made a mark, and everybody at the left side of that long table—from W. W. Erwin to the office boy—was happy and smiled in a satisfied manner. For the first time since the trial began Nye knit his brows and Hall changed his face from that pleased expression to a "tired" look There is just a suspicion that all this was "put on" by the prosecution, for the state, first thing in the morning, withdrew its objection to Miss Wachter telling what Blixt confessed to his lawyers while in jail.

Maggie a Good Witness for Harry.

And Maggie Wachter, the large-featured stenographer, fully came up to the expectations of Erwin in her testimony. She was voluble, positive and could not be shaken by cross-examination. She called Blixt a liar, O'Dell a schemer to make money out of the county and Assistant Attorney Hall a bulldozer and intimidator of women. There was something startling in connection with the testimony. Mrs. W. W. Hayward, the mother of both boys, came into court to hear her elder son (Adry) again accused of the crime from the lips of the woman who was to impeach the testimony of Blixt, for Miss Wachter swore that Blixt in his confession to the state attorneys said the plot to murder Kate Ging was put up and carried out by Adry.

Mrs. Hayward took it calmly, although there was a look of satisfaction upon her face as she heard the witness testify and heard how Nye failed to shake her. Harry was jubilant, but controlled himself; yet often he would burst out into uncontrollable laughter as Miss Wachter would make an unusually savage thrust at O'Dell or Hall. After court adjourned Hall stated that there was not a word of truth in what she had stated about him. In her evidence she said that Hall had called on her and attacked her character in a most abusive and scandalous manner. "Why, our meeting was most pleasant," said Hall. "She was as smiling as a basket of chips all the time, and when I left she apologized because her sister had not opened the door sooner for me. Do they think I am a fool to talk the way she says to a woman?"

Questions Asked for Impeachment.

For the sake of impeachment Hall asked the witness if she had not told John A. Olson that if he would go to the defense and tell them he knew something about the murder case he could make plenty of money. She denied it flatly. She was asked if she did not threaten O'Dell to make it hot for him, and if she did not say she had been offered money for Blixt's statement. She was also asked if she did not tell Olson that she knew something about the case, for O'Dell said something just as they were going out of Blixt's cell. She denied all this flatly.

As to the other witnesses of the day, F. W. Goldstone corroborated other witnesses as to the time when Harry left Fisher's cigar store and Willis B. Brown, usher at the Grand Opera House, stated that he saw Harry at the theatre at 8:18 o'clock the night of Dec. 3. Altogether Harry's time that fatal evening has been accounted for from about dark to 7:10, which is getting very close to the time Wilson testified to seeing him in a buggy with Kate Ging.

Henry Goosman brought his livery register to show when Miss Ging hired rigs at the barn, and stated that when she hired "Lucy" she said the horse she had Saturday made her arm lame from pulling so hard. Gilbert, the barn man who was at the stable when the rig came home the night of the murder, stated that the lines were flung loosely over the dashboard, and both stated that the buggy was a hard riding one, the latter question being to impeach Blixt, who said it rode easy.

Edward Goodsell was on the stand again this morning and will be followed by W. W. Hayward and the mother of the boys, then by Dr. Hayward. This afternoon the whole time will be taken up in the reading of the depositions from Illinois relative to the insanity existing in the family. It is voluminous and will take some time to submit to the court.

MONSTER PETITION.

White Ribboners Will Present It to President and Congress.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—Devotional exercises conducted by Mrs. Helen M. Barker, the national treasurer of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and other prominent women took up a large portion of the first session of the convention of White Ribbon women under the management of the W. C. T. U. in the Metropolitan M. E. church yesterday. This gathering is to present a petition to President Cleveland—as a starter—asking for the total prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages; that is the pith of it and what it means—governmental prohibition. The petition will also be presented to congress and then it is proposed to take it around the world.

The petition itself is something remarkable. It had its origin in a visit Miss Frances Willard paid to Chinatown, San Francisco, and was gotten up by women who went round the world and obtained signatures in every country thereof (nearly). The petition contains names representing 6,000,000 people, the total number of names actually on the rolls being about 1,100,000. It therefore beats the great Chartist petition gotten up in England asking the repeal of the corn laws, for that had but 1,000,000 names The petition is festooned around the walls of the church and there is altogether about a mile of it.

Victim of a Gasoline Stove.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 18.—While cleaning a gasoline stove Mrs. W. C. Goodwin spilled some of the fluid on her clothes. It took fire and before her husband and son could put out the flames she was fearfully and perhaps fatally burned.

Boys Drowned While Skating.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 18.—Two Covington, Ky., boys, Charles Ansory, aged 9, and Louis Bosom, aged 10, skating on the Licking were drowned.

ISAAC PUSEY GRAY IS DEAD.

Minister to Mexico Dies of Pneumonia at the Mexican Capital.

CITY OF MEXICO, Feb. 15.—Minister Isaac P. Gray died at 7:05 last evening. He was unconscious when he arrived here and he died without regaining consciousness. United States Minister Gray arrived here yesterday morning with a severe case of pneumonia. The Pullman car conductor found him unconscious at 2 a. m. He was carried from the train on a stretcher to the American hospital. Dr. Bray was in attendance, and informed Mrs. Gray that he would not live the day out. Consul General Crittenden was with him to the end. He had been sick all the way down from St. Louis.

ISAAC P. GRAY.

[Isaac Pusey Gray was born in Chester county, Pa., Oct. 1828. His ancestors all belonged to the Society of Friends, his great grandfather having emigrated from England with William Penn, and settled in Chester county. His parents moved from Pennsylvania to Urbana, O., in 1836; thence to Montgomery county in 1839; thence to New Madison, Darke county, in 1842. There they died. Isaac Gray received a common school education, and being ambitious and of studious habits he early entered upon the study of law.

His poverty, however, compelled him to accept a clerkship in a mercantile house at New Madison. Here his close application and strict integrity soon raised him to a partnership in the business and in a few years he became sole proprietor of the establishment. In 1855 he removed his family to Union City, Ind., where he resided for many years, and where after successfully continuing the mercantile business for a few years he entered upon the practice of law.

Mr. Gray's war record was good. He was colonel of the Fourth Indiana cavalry and recruited the One Hundred and Forty-seventh infantry. He was elected to congress in 1866, and two years later to the state senate. He acted with the Republicans during the war but since 1871 had been a Democrat. In 1876 he was elected lieutenant governor by the Democrats and in 1884 governor. Since then he had practiced law until appointed minister to Mexico. He was influential in Indiana politics and very courteous in address.

Was Over-Zealous at Challenging.

CHICAGO, Feb. 18.—Donald H. Chapman, Democratic challenger in the Thirty-fourth ward, has been found guilty on charge of conspiracy to prevent legal voters from exercising their rights at the general election in November last and sentenced by a jury in Judge Tuley's court to a year and six months in the penitentiary. He challenged nearly every Republican voter who offered to vote.

Barbee Set Free.

CHICAGO, Feb. 19.—Edward Barbee, the liveryman who rented the rig to Edmund Jordan and Annie Mahoney, in which the box containing the dead body of Barnes, the murdered janitor of the Hiawatha flats, was carried away, was discharged as a defendant in the case in Judge Freeman's court.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Feb. 18.

Money on call nominally easy at 1½ per cent. Prime mercantile paper 4@5½ per cent. Sterling exchange easy and dull, with actual business in bankers' bills at 486¾@488¼ for demand and 487@487¼ for sixty days; posted rates 487½@488 and 488@489½; commercial bills 485.

Silver certificates 59½@60¼; no sales; bar silver, 59¾. Mexican dollars 48c.

United States government bonds firm; United States government bonds 5's reg. 113¾; 5's coupons 115¼; 4's reg. 110¾; 4's coupons 110⅝; 2's reg. 95; Pacific 6's of '95 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Feb. 18.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—February, opened 49¾c, closed 50¼c; May, opened 52¾c, closed 52⅝c; July, opened 53c, closed 53½c. Corn—February, nominal, closed 42¾c; May, opened 44½c, closed 44⅝c; July, opened 43¾c, closed 44¼c. Oats—February, nominal, closed 28¼c; May, opened 28½c, closed 28¾c; June, opened, 28¾c, closed 28¾c. Pork—February, nominal, closed $10.10; May, opened $10.07½, closed $10.30. Lard—February, nominal, closed $6.40.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 23½c per lb; fresh dairy, 20c; packing stock, 7@9c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 21@22c per doz, loss off. Dressed poultry—Spring chickens, 8½@9c per lb; turkeys, 9@11c; ducks, 9@12c; geese, 7@10c. Potatoes—Burbanks, good to choice, 60@64c per bu; Hebrons, 58@62c; Early Rose, 57@61c. Sweet potatoes—Illinois, $1.25@2.25 per bbl. Cranberries—Jerseys, $10.50@11.50 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@14c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c. Apples—Fair to choice, $2.75@4.00 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Feb. 18.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 44,000; sales ranged at $3.90@4.95 pigs, $4.80@4.5 light, $3.85@4.00 rough packing, $3.90@4.30 mixed, and $4.05@4.35¼ heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 12,500; quotations ranged at $3.00@5.30 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.40@4.90 good to choice do, $4.00@4.50 fair to good, $3.35@4.00 common to medium do, $3.00@3.60 butchers' steers, $2.25@3.15 stockers, $3.20@3.85 feeders, $1.30@2.80 cows, $2.70@3.80 heifers, $2.00@4.00 bulls, $2.65@4.25 Texas steers, and $2.25@3.50 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 10,000; sales ranged at $2.60@4.30 westerns, $2.80@3.70 Texans, $2.00@4.50 natives, and $3.35@5.45 lambs.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

EAST BUFFALO, Feb. 18.

Cattle—Receipts for the day 3,030 head; market 10@15c higher for good butchers and handy stock, slow and barely steady for shipping and export steers, good to extra export steers, $4.80@5.25; good heavy shipping, $4.65@4.85; fair to good, $4.35@4.60; fair to extra fat cows, $4.15@4.40; common, $2.65@3.00. Hogs—Receipts for the day 13,850 head; market slow but steady; pigs and light, $4.25@4.30 mediums, $4.30@4.35; choice heavy, $4.35@4.40. Sheep and lambs—Receipts for the day, 22,800 head; steady to strong for good grades, good to prime lambs, $4.75@5.00; fair to good, $4.50@4.50; good mixed sheep, $4.00@4.40.

STATE LAWMAKERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PROCEEDINGS IN THE LEGISLATURE.

What the Senators and Representatives Are Doing for the Benefit of Their Constituents—Bills and Resolutions Introduced—Other News of General Interest

SPRINGFIELD, Feb 14.—Hamer introduced a resolution in the senate to investigate allegations made against the policy of the trustees of the Illinois Industrial Home for the Blind. In both senate and house bills were introduced to enable the Chicago drainage trustees to levy a tax of 1½ per cent. in the district for three years from last January. Bills in the house: To prohibit sleeping and dining car porters from soliciting "tips;" resolution of labor unions asking Illinois congressmen to vote for the McGann arbitration bill. The senate passed the bill giving $4,000 annually to the state Horticultural society and the house the bill amending the chattel mortgage act and adopted the resolution in favor of the national arbitration bill.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 15.—A bill was introduced in the senate to make train robbery and wrecking punishable by death or not less than ten years imprisonment. Dwyer offered a bill to prescribe what surgeons shall charge for their services. The bill to make insanity ground for divorce was defeated. A bill was introduced to collect interest from treasurers who have had public funds in their charge. The bill to give women a vote in township elections was defeated—23 to 10. In the house a bill was introduced to provide for schools where bad boys may be seggregated, a bill providing that convict-made goods must be labeled, and a bill to fix the price of gas. The appropriations committee cut out of the militia bill $80,000 for uniforms, etc., and $30,000 for expenses to July 1 next; also reduced the Anna asylum appropriation to $86,000.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 16.—There was a bare quorum in the senate, which made reconsideration of the vote on the woman suffrage bill the special order for next Wednesday. The resolution favoring the custody of the Lincoln monument by the state was adopted. Coon introduced a bill to tax inheritances of $10,000 1 per cent. when the relationship is of the first degree, and heavier as the relationship grows less. Hannahan's civil service bill was favorably reported. In the house a resolution condemning Cleveland's administration for its attitude toward veterans was sent to the federal relations committee after a warm political debate. The vote defeating the bill making insanity legal ground for divorce was reconsidered. A bill looking to a pension fund for public school teachers was introduced. Both houses adjourned to Monday.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 19.—No quorum was present in the house and adjournment was soon taken. In the senate a few bills were introduced, but no business of importance was transacted.

FAILED TO SUSTAIN HIS CHARGES.

The Indictment of Dr. Flower at Peoria Falls to the Ground.

PEORIA, Ills., Feb. 15.—At the fall term of the circuit court the grand jury returned a true bill against Dr. R. C. Flower on the charge of swindling Dewitt C. Chapman out of a large amount of property. The indictment was found on the unsupported testimony of Chapman, with the understanding that additional evidence should be forthcoming at the next sitting. The evidence was before the present grand jury, but it was deemed insufficient and the case was ignored. The indictment now pending will be nolle prossed by the state's attorney.

Market Street Gang on Trial.

CHICAGO, Feb. 19.—After a week's delay a satisfactory jury has been obtained for the trial of the so-called Market street gang of thugs and blacklegs who murderously assaulted E. M. Dickson on election day. Dickson was a Republican challenger at the polling place, 113 Illinois street, in Senator John F. O'Malley's bailiwick. The thugs terrorized the ward all day long and at night Gus Colliander was killed in a polling place. In the attack on Dickson he was badly hurt and he was the first witness and told his story to the jury.

Illinois Press Association.

CHICAGO, Feb. 18.—The thirteenth annual meeting of the Illinois Press association came to close. Officers elected were: President, C. D. Tufts, Democrat, Centralia; first vice, W. L. Eaton, Register-Gazette, Rockford; second vice, Arthur C. Bentley, Guide, Baylis; third vice, T. A. Pritchie, Republican, Olney; secretary, J. M. Page, Democrat, Jerseyville; treasurer, C. M. Tinney, Gazette, Virginia. Delegates to the national convention were also selected. National executive committeeman, N. A. Snively.

Notes of the State.

In the United States circuit court at Springfield, Ills., Miss Nora Welton, assistant postmistress at Argenta, Macon county, pleaded guilty to opening a letter addressed to her sweetheart, Edgar Six, and was fined $50 and costs, which she paid and was released.

William T. Sherman Post No. 146 G. A. R., of Bloomington, Ills., adopted a resolution admitting colored soldiers to full membership. The colored soldiers of Bloomington have taken the preliminary steps to organize a post.

By the relations existing between Ramsey, Seiter and Warden Baker, of the southern Illinois penitentiary, whose bondsman Ramsey was, the state of Illinois will probably lose about $14,000 deposited by Baker in Seiter's bank.

James Connerton, a wealthy farmer living near Ladd, Ills., was found buried in a snowdrift between that place and Spring Valley. He was frozen stiff and had been there ever since Feb. 8.

The mayor of Venice, Ills., having established quarantine against Madison, Ills., owing to alleged smallpox, telegraphed the state board of health what he had done and received the information that the state board alone has the right to establish quarantine and he had better declare his off.

Eight cases of smallpox are reported to the Illinois state board of health from Madison, Madison county.

A block of wooden business houses at Astoria, Ills., was entirely destroyed by fire, causing a loss of $3,000, and with little insurance.

Dr. William G. Dyas, for thirty years a leading practitioner of Chicago, stepped in front of an engine on leaving a suburban train and was killed.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Feb. 13.

Captain John L. Clem, known as the "Drummer Boy of Shiloh," now assistant United States quartermaster at Atlanta, Ga., has received the promotion to quartermaster, with the rank of major as soon as a vacancy occurs.

The British parliament, by a vote of 286 to 256, rejected an amendment by an Irish home ruler proposing dissolution on home rule.

The long awaited bill regulating horse racing in New York has been introduced in the assembly. The bill is the result of conferences between the Trotting association and the Jockey Club.

Four million acres of land in the Sioux Indian reservation in South Dakota have been opened for settlement and offered to purchasers for 50 cents an acre.

There are in the United States today 13,230,168 men of military age.

The ninth annual convention of the National Brick Manufacturers' association is in session at the Hillenden hotel, Cleveland, O., with President W. H. Aslip, of Chicago, presiding.

Thursday, Feb. 14.

General Bussey is reported much improved at the Emergency hospital at Washington. He will not, however, be removed to his home for a few days. He was run over by a sleigh and trampled by the horses a few days ago.

George H. Cutler, Sr., was killed; George H. Cutler, Jr, aged 16 years, burned; Mrs. Cutler, bruised and cut, and Katie Strack, a domestic, dangerously burned and bruised by an explosion of natural gas at Meadville, Pa. A store and dwelling were wrecked.

Bill Cook, the outlaw, was sentenced in the United States court at Fort Smith, Ark., to forty-five years in the penitentiary at Auburn, N. Y.

The wife of Vice President Wickes, of the Pullman company, has obtained a divorce in a Chicago court. It went by default.

In the trial of Jordan et al. for the murder of Barnes at Chicago the skull of the murdered man was exhibited in court.

The Minnesota house has rejected a woman suffrage bill by a large majority.

Friday, Feb. 15.

By a vote of 25 to 26 the resubmission of the prohibitory amendment was defeated in the North Dakota house of representatives. The next proposition will be for $1,000 licenses for cities, leaving prohibition in the other parts of the state.

The interstate commerce commission has suspended the long and short haul clause of the interstate commerce law so as to enable railroads to carry at cheaper rates to points in the Nebraska region of crop failures.

The Knights of Labor general executive board has decided to employ lawyers to test the validity of the new United States bond issue.

An attempt was made by strikers to murder Manager Humphrey, of the Buckeye glass works, at Martin's Ferry, O. A bomb was exploded in the office where he was supposed to be sleeping. It was the second attempt on his life.

President Cleveland has signed the bill that gives Chicago a new postoffice.

The Associated Press, at its annual meeting at Chicago, elected Victor F. Lawson president, Horace White vice-president and Melville E. Stone general manager and secretary.

Saturday, Feb. 16.

Thomas Rogers, a 16-year-old boy, has obtained judgment against the Consolidated Coal company at Danville, Ills., for $500 because the company did not sprinkle its mine according to law, and an explosion of dust injured the boy.

The loss by the burning of the Dougherty & Wadsworth silk mills at Paterson, N. J., is $300,000. One thousand hands are thrown out of employment by the fire.

A large boiler exploded in Cobb's sawmill two miles west of Towanda, Pa. Theodore Pencil, fireman, and John Mack, a teamster, were instantly killed, and Frank Myers, a mill hand, fatally injured.

The grand jury at Brooklyn has indicted President Norton and Superintendent Quinn, of the trolley company, for working men more than ten hours in twelve. Indictments against twenty-seven riotous strikers were also found.

Three states—Delaware, Idaho, and Oregon—are still deadlocked on the election of a United States senator.

Monday, Feb. 18.

The Dominion government proposes to buy the whole winter butter product at 20 cents a pound and will ship it to England.

James Frazier and A. B. McQuistion, of Roxford, Pa., twelve miles from Bradford, were killed by the explosion of a boiler at an oil well near Roxford.

Captain Paul Boynton, the swimmer, has been mulcted in damages in the sum of £750 because he was co-respondent in a divorce suit at London.

It is alleged that the sewing machine companies of the United States are engaged in incubating a trust.

Ninety thousand dollars was represented by four paintings that were burned in a fire at 935 and 937 Broadway, New York. The total loss by fire was $375,000.

The examination of the Bank of Lexington at Richmond, Va., shows a shortage of $140,000. It now seems clear that Cashier Figgat took a large amount of money away with him.

The man talked of at Milwaukee for minister to Mexico is General Bragg.

Pure Blood

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Very Painful.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cleared my system and healed the sores in a short time. It also improved my

Appetite

and benefited my general health. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all." L. P. THOMAS, Postmaster, Burton's Creek, Va.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are the best. 25c. per box.

CHAPTER IV.

There was no sleep for Captain Chester the rest of the night. He went home, threw off his sword belt and seated himself in a big easy chair before his fireplace, deep in thought. Once or twice he arose and paced restlessly up and down the room, as he had done in his excited talk with Rollins some few hours before. Then he was simply angry and argumentative or declamatory. Now he had settled down into a very different frame of mind. He seemed awed, stunned, crushed. He had all the bearing and mien of one who, having defiantly predicted a calamity, was thunderstruck by the verification of his prophecy.

In all his determined arraignment of Mr. Jerrold, in all the harsh things he had said and thought of him, he had never imagined any such depth of scoundrelism as the revelations of the night foreshadowed. Chester differed from many of his brotherhood. There was no room for rejoicing in his heart that the worst he had ever said of Jerrold was unequal to the apparent truth. He took no comfort to his soul that those who called him cynical, crabbed, unjust, even malicious, would now be compelled to admit he was right in his estimate. Like the best of us, Chester could not ordinarily say "Vade retro" to the temptation to think, if not to say, "Didn't I tell you so?" when in everyday affairs his oft disputed views were proved well founded. But in the face of such a catastrophe as now appeared engulfing the fair fame of his regiment and the honor of those whom his colonel held dear, Chester could feel only dismay and grief. What was his duty in the light of the discoveries he had made? To the best of his belief, he was the only man in the garrison who had evidence of Jerrold's absence from his own quarters and of the presence of some one at her window. He had taken prompt measures to prevent its being suspected by others. He purposely sent his guards to search along the cliff in the opposite direction, while he went to Jerrold's room and thence back to remove the telltale ladder. Should he tell any one until he had confronted Jerrold with the evidence of his guilt, and wringing from him his resignation send him far from the post before handing it in? Time and again he wished Frank Armitage were here. The youngest captain in the regiment, Armitage had been for years its adjutant and deep in the confidence of Colonel Maynard. He was a thorough soldier, a strong, self reliant, courageous man, and one for whom Chester had ever felt a warm esteem. Armitage was on leave of absence, however—had been away some time on account of family matters and would not return, it was known, until he had effected the removal of his mother and sister to the new home he had purchased for them in the distant east. It was to his company that Jerrold had been promoted, and there was friction from the very week that the handsome subaltern joined.

Armitage had long before "taken his measure" and was in no wise pleased that so lukewarm a soldier should have come to him as senior subaltern. They had a very plain talk, for Armitage was straightforward as a dart, and then, as Jerrold showed occasional lapses, the captain shut down on some of his most cherished privileges, and, to the indignation of society, the failure of Mr. Jerrold to appear at one or two gatherings where he was confidently expected was speedily laid at his captain's door. The recent death of his father kept Armitage from appearing in public, and, as neither he nor the major (who commanded the regiment while Maynard was abroad) vouchsafed the faintest explanation, society was allowed to form its own conclusions and did to the effect that Mr. Jerrold was a wronged and persecuted man. It was just as the Maynards arrived at Sibley that Armitage departed on his leave, and, to his unspeakable bliss, Mr. Jerrold succeeded to the command of his company. This fact, coupled with the charming relations which were straightway established with the colonel's family, placed him in a position of independence and gave him opportunities he had never known before. It was speedily evident that he was neglecting his military duties, that Company B was running down much faster than Armitage had built it up, and yet no man felt like speaking of it to the colonel, who saw it only occasionally on dress parade. Chester had about determined to write to Armitage himself and suggest his speedy return when this eventful night arrived. Now he fully made up his mind it must be done at once and had seated himself at his desk when the roar of the sunrise gun and the blare of the bugles warned him that reveille had come and he must again go to his guard. Before he returned to his quarters another complication, even more embarrassing, had arisen, and the letter to Armitage was postponed.

He had received the "present" of his guard and verified the presence of all his prisoners when he saw Major Sloat still standing out in the middle of the parade, where the adjutant usually received the reports of the roll calls. Several company officers, having made their reports, were scurrying back to quarters for another snooze before breakfast time or to get their cup of coffee before going out to the range. Chester strolled over toward him.

"What's the matter, Sloat?"

"Nothing much. The colonel told me to receive the reveille reports for Hoyt this week. He's on general court martial."

"Yes, I know all that. I mean, what are you waiting for?"

"Mr. Jerrold again. There's no report from his company."

"Have you sent to wake him?"

"No; I'll go myself and do it thoroughly too." And the little major turned sharply away and walked direct to the low range of bachelor quarters, dived under the piazza and into the green doorway.

Hardly knowing how to explain his action, Chester quickly followed and in less than a minute was standing in the selfsame parlor which, by the light of a flickering match, he had searched two hours before. Here he halted and listened, while Sloat pushed on into the bedroom and was heard vehemently apostrophizing some sleeper:

"Does the government pay you for this sort of thing, I want to know? Get up, Jerrold. This is the second time you've cut reveille in ten days. Get up, I say!" And the major was vigorously shaking at something, for the bed creaked and groaned.

"Wake up, I say! I'm blowed if I'm going to get up here day after day and have you sleeping. Wake, Nicodemus! Wake, you snoozing, snoring, open mouthed masher. Come now; I mean it."

A drowsy, disgusted yawn and stretch finally rewarded his efforts. Mr. Jerrold at last opened his eyes, rolled over, yawned sulkily again and tried to evade his persecutor, but to no purpose. Like a little terrier, Sloat hung onto him and worried and shook.

"Oh, don't, d—n it, don't!" growled the victim. "What do you want anyway? Has that infernal reveille gone?"

"Yes, and you're absent again, and no report from B company. By the holy poker, if you don't turn out and get it and report to me on the parade I'll spot the whole gang absent, and then no matinee for you today, my buck. Come, out with you! I mean it. Hall says you and he have an engagement in town, and 'pon my soul I'll bust it if you don't come out."

And so, growling and complaining, and yet half laughing, Adonis rolled from his couch and began to get into his clothes. Chester's blood ran cold, then boiled. Think of a man who could laugh like that and remember! When, how, had he returned to the house? Listen!

"Confound you, Sloat! I wouldn't rout you out in this shabby way. Why couldn't you let a man sleep? I'm tired half to death."

"What have you done to tire you? Slept all yesterday afternoon and danced perhaps a dozen times at the doctor's last night. You've had more sleep than I've had, begad! You took Miss Renwick home before 'twas over, and mean it was of you, too, with all the fellows that wanted to dance with her."

"That wasn't my fault, Mrs. Maynard made her promise to be home at 12. You old cackler, that's what sticks in your crop yet. You are persecuting me because they like me so much better than they do you," he went on, laughingly now. "Come, now, Sloat, confess, it is all because you're jealous. You couldn't have that picture, and I could."

Chester fairly started. He had urgent need to see this young gallant. He was staying for that purpose, but should he listen to further talk like this? Too late to move, for Sloat's answer came like a shot:

"I bet you you never could!"

"But didn't I tell you I had a week ago?"

"Aye, but I didn't believe it. You couldn't show it!"

"Pshaw, man! Look here. Stop, though. Remember, on your honor, you never tell."

"On my honor, of course."

"Well, there!"

A drawer was opened. Chester heard a gulp of dismay, of genuine astonishment and conviction mixed, as Sloat muttered some half articulate words and then came into the front room. Jerrold followed, caught sight of Chester and stopped short, with sudden and angry change of color.

"I did not know you were here," he said.

"It was to find where you were that I came," was the quiet answer.

There was a moment's silence. Sloat turned and looked at the two men in utter surprise. Up to this time he had considered Jerrold's absence from reveille as a mere dereliction of duty which was ascribable to the laziness and indifference of the young officer. So far as lay in his power, he meant to make him attend more strictly to business and had therefore come to his quarters and stirred him up. But there was no thought of any serious trouble in his mind. His talk had all been roughly good humored until—until that bet was mentioned, and then it became earnest. Now, as he glanced from one man to the other, he saw in an instant that something new—something of unusual gravity—was impending. Chester, buttoned to the throat in his dark uniform, accurately gloved and belted, with pale, set, almost haggard face, was standing by the center table under the droplight. Jerrold, only half dressed, his feet thrust into slippers, his fingers nervously working at the studs of his dainty white shirt, had stopped short at his bedroom door, and with features that grew paler every second and a dark scowl on his brow was glowering at Chester.

"Since when has it been the duty of the officer of the day to come around and hunt up officers who don't happen to be out at reveille?" he asked.

"It is not your absence from reveille I want explained, Mr. Jerrold," was the cold and deliberative answer. "I wanted you at 3:30 this morning, and you were not and had not been here."

An unmistakable start and shock; a quick, nervous, hunted glance around the room so cold and pallid in the early light of the August morning; a clutch of Jerrold's slim, brown hand at the bared throat. But he rallied gamely, strode a step forward and looked his superior full in the face. Sloat marked the effort with which he cleared away the huskiness that seemed to clog his larynx, but admired the spunk with which the young officer returned the senior's shot:

"What is your authority here, I would like to know? What business has the officer of the day to want me or any other man not on guard? Captain Chester, you seem to forget that I am no longer your second lieutenant and that I am a company commander like yourself. Do you come by Colonel Maynard's order to search my quarters and question me? If so, say so at once. If not, get out." And Jerrold's face was growing back with wrath, and his big, lustrous eyes were wide awake now and fairly snapping.

Chester leaned upon the table and deliberated a moment. He stood there coldly, distrustfully eying the excited lieutenant, then turned to Sloat:

"I will be responsible for the roll call of Company B this morning, Sloat. I have a matter of grave importance to bring up to this—this gentleman, and it is of a private nature. Will you let me see him alone?"

"Sloat," said Jerrold, "don't go yet. I want you to stay. These are my quarters, and I recognize your right to come here in search of me, since I was not at reveille, but I want a witness here to bear me out. I'm too amazed yet, too confounded by this intrusion of Captain Chester, to grasp the situation. I never heard of such a thing as this. Explain it if you can."

"Mr. Jerrold, what I have to ask or say to you concerns you alone. It is not an official matter. It is as man to man I want to see you, alone and at once. Now will you let Major Sloat retire?"

Silence for a moment. The angry flush on Jerrold's face died away, and in its place an ashen pallor was spreading from throat to brow. His lips were twitching ominously. Sloat looked in consternation at the sudden change.

"Shall I go?" he finally asked.

Jerrold looked long, fixedly, searchingly in the set face of the officer of the day, breathing hard and heavily. What he saw there Sloat could not imagine. At last his hand dropped by his side. He made a little motion with it—a slight wave toward the door—and again dropped it nervously. His lips seemed to frame the word "Go," but he never glanced at the man whom a moment before he so masterfully bade to stay, and Sloat, sorely puzzled, left the room.

Not until his footsteps had died out of hearing did Chester speak:

"How soon can you leave the post?"

"I don't understand you."

"How soon can you pack up what you need to take and—get away?"

"Get away where? What on earth do you mean?"

"You must know what I mean! You must know that after last night's work you quit the service at once and forever."

"I don't know anything of the kind, and I defy you to prove the faintest thing." But Jerrold's fingers were twitching, and his eyes had lost their light.

"Do you suppose I did not recognize you?" asked Chester.

"When—where?" gulped Jerrold.

"When I seized you and you struck me!"

"I never struck you. I don't know what you mean."

"My God, man, let us end this useless fencing. The evidence I have of your last night's scoundrelism would break the strongest record. For the regiment's sake—for the colonel's sake—let us have no public scandal. It's awful enough as the thing stands. Write your resignation, give it to me and leave—before breakfast, if you can."

"I've done nothing to resign for. You know perfectly well I haven't."

"Do you mean that such a crime—that a woman's ruin and disgrace—isn't enough to drive you from the service?" asked Chester, tingling in every nerve and longing to clinch the shapely, swelling throat in his clutching fingers. "God of heaven, Jerrold, are you dead to all sense of decency?"

"Captain Chester, I won't be bullied this way. I may not be immaculate, but no man on earth shall talk to me like this! I deny your insinuation. I've done nothing to warrant your words, even if—if you did come sneaking around here last night and find me absent. You can't prove a thing. You"——

"What! When I saw you—almost caught you! By heaven, I wish the sentry had killed you then and there! I never dreamed of such hardihood."

"You've done nothing but dream. By Jove, I believe you're sleep walking yet! What on earth do you mean by catching and killing me? 'Pon my soul, I reckon you're crazy, Captain Chester." And color was gradually coming back to Jerrold's face and confidence to his tone.

"Enough of this, Mr. Jerrold. Knowing what you and I both know, do you refuse to hand me your resignation?"

"Of course I do."

"Do you mean to deny to me where I saw you last night?"

"I deny your right to question me. I deny anything—everything. I believe you simply thought you had a clew and could make me tell. Suppose I was out last night. I don't believe you know the faintest thing about it."

"Do you want me to report the whole thing to the colonel?"

"Of course I don't. Naturally I want him to know nothing about my being out of quarters, and it's a thing that no officer would think of reporting another for. You'll only win the contempt of every gentleman in the regiment if you do it. What good will it do you? Keep me from going to town for a few days, I suppose. What earthly business is it of yours anyway?"

"Jerrold, I can stand this no longer. I ought to shoot you in your tracks, I believe. You've brought ruin and misery to the home of my warmest friend and dishonor to the whole service, and you talk of two or three days' stoppage from going to town! If I can't bring you to your senses, by God, the colonel shall!" And he wheeled and left the room.

For a moment Jerrold stood stunned and silent. It was useless to attempt reply. The captain was far down the walk when he sprang to the door to call him again. Then, hurrying back to the bedroom, he hastily dressed, muttering angrily and anxiously to himself as he did so. He was thinking deeply, too, and every movement betrayed nervousness and trouble. Returning to the front door, he gazed out upon the parade, then took his forage cap and walked rapidly down toward the adjutant's office. The orderly bugler was tilted up in a chair, leaning half asleep against the whitewashed front, but his was a weasel nap, for he sprang up and saluted as the young officer approached.

"Where did Major Sloat go, orderly?" was the hurried question.

"Over toward the stables, sir. Him and Captain Chester was here together, and they're just gone."

"Run over to the quarters of B company and tell Merrick I want him right away. Tell him to come to my quarters." And thither Mr. Jerrold returned, seated himself at his desk, wrote several lines of a note, tore it into fragments, began again, wrote another which seemed not entirely satisfactory and was in the midst of a third when there came a quick step and a knock at the door. Opening the shutters, he glanced out of the window. A gust of wind sent some of the papers whirling and flying, and the bedroom door banged shut, but not before some few half sheets of paper had fluttered out upon the parade, where other little flurries of the morning breeze sent them sailing over toward the colonel's quarters. Anxious only for the coming of Merrick and no one else, Mr. Jerrold no sooner saw who was at the front door than he closed the shutters, called, "Come in" and a short, squat, wiry little man, dressed in the fatigue uniform of the infantry, stood at the doorway to the hall.

"Come in here, Merrick," said the lieutenant, and Merrick came. "How much is it you owe me now—thirty odd dollars, I think?"

"I believe it is, lieutenant," answered the man, with shifting eyes and general uneasiness of mien.

"You are not ready to pay it, I suppose, and you got it from me when we left Fort Raines to help you out of that scrape there."

The soldier looked down and made no answer.

"Merrick, I want a note taken to town at once. I want you to take it and get it to its address before 8 o'clock. I want you to say no word to a soul. Here's $10. Hire old Murphy's horse across the river and go. If you are put in the guardhouse when you get back, don't say a word. If you are tried by garrison court for crossing the bridge or absence without leave, plead guilty, make no defense, and I'll pay you double your fine and let you off the $30. But if you fail me or tell a soul of your errand I'll write to—you know who, at Raines. Do you understand and agree?"

"I do. Yes, sir."

"Go and get ready and be here in 10 minutes."

Meantime Captain Chester had followed Sloat to the adjutant's office. He was boiling over with indignation, which he hardly knew how to control. He found the gray mustached subaltern tramping in great perplexity up and down the room, and the instant he entered was greeted with the inquiry:

"What's gone wrong? What's Jerrold been doing?"

"Don't ask me any questions, Sloat, but answer. It is a matter of honor. What was your bet with Jerrold?"

"I oughtn't to tell that, Chester. Surely it cannot be a matter mixed up with this."

"I can't explain, Sloat. What I ask is unavoidable. Tell me about that bet."

"Why, he was so superior and airy, you know, and was trying to make me feel that he was so much more intimate with them all at the colonel's, and that he could have that picture for the mere asking, and I got mad and bet him he never could."

"Was that the day you shook hands on it?"

"Yes."

"And that was her picture—the picture then—he showed you this morning."

"Chester, you heard the conversation. You were there. You know that I'm on honor not to tell."

"Yes, I know. That's quite enough."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Quick Wooing.

He was an artist at sleight of hand, a song and dance lady she. They met at 1, they loved at 2, they married at half past 3. A brief, brief dream of wedded bliss, then she criticised his tricks. They wrangled at 4, they quarreled at 5 and parted forever at 6.—London Answers.

Untrained monkeys brought $10 each in Venice in the sixteenth century. If trained, they were much more expensive, the price depending on the amount of the training.

MAY MARRIAGES UNLUCKY.

Old Superstition Which Has Powerful Influence With European Bridal Couples.

The municipal statistics of the city of Marseilles show the observer that on the 28th of April, 1894, there were registered at the mayor's office in that town no less than 94 marriages. Why this enormous number? Because, according to an ancient tradition, couples that marry in the month of May expose themselves to great danger—death will soon smite the unfortunates, or, at the very least, their union will not be blessed with children. Therefore a large number of Marseillaise lovers availed themselves of the last days of April to join themselves in wedlock.

This curious superstition is by no means confined to Marseilles. M. le Blaut, a French investigator, ascribes to it an origin in Roman antiquity. The Roman poet Ovid said that May was no time for widows to marry or for young girls, and adds that the imprudent woman who braves fate by so doing will die early. Plutarch agrees to the truth of this.

It may be because of this ancient principle that the Roman Catholic church has made the month of May sacred to the Virgin. However this may be, the idea has certainly perpetuated itself with singular persistence. Tassoni, writing about the middle of the seventeenth century, relates that among the inhabitants of Ferraras many young nobles and princes who were married in May died only a few days afterward. "It is the observation of this strange fact," he observes, "that induced the Ferrarese, so it is said, to follow the ancient custom."

At the present day the superstition has not ceased to show itself in certain regions of Italy, in Roumania, in south Germany, Bohemia, Westphalia, England and France, notably in Saintonge and in the Cevennes, where every one acknowledges the truth of the proverb, "The month of flowers is a month of tears."

"Perhaps," said Plutarch, "the month of May is regarded as unlucky because it comes between April and June, the months respectively of Venus and Juno, the tutelary goddesses of marriage, or perhaps it is because May is the month of the feast of the Lemures, the souls of the dead."—Paris Letter.

TREE PLANTING IN FRANCE.

Useless Sand Dunes Converted Into Valuable Land With Pines.

The French thoroughly appreciate the advantages to be derived from systematic tree planting. Tracts of sand have been covered with pine forests, and the word lande, borrowed, as it is thought, from the German, is losing its meaning of "waste." Till a century ago a large portion of the forest of Fontainebleau consisted of bare sand hills, but the planting of pines was begun. A variety capable of standing the severest winters was evidently found, and millions of trees now diffuse healthy and agreeable odors, besides furnishing timber for fuel.

The decomposed fir needles, moreover, gradually form a crust of vegetable mold, permitting the growth of trees and shrubs less able than the pine to live on air. The department of the Landes, once a barren region, with sand so loose that people had to walk on stilts, is covered with pines, and the problem of draining the subsoil has been solved, as described in Edmond About's story of "Maitre Pierre."

The losses by fire and anxiety to produce something more remunerative than pine are now, however, inducing schemes of artificial fertilization. In many French watering places dunes have been transformed into woods, thus holding out to seaside visitors the attraction of agreeable shade and a change from monotonous beach. Shifting sands have been prevented from extending inland. In some cases dunes have been acquired by companies, which, after planting them, have cut them up into building lots and have seen them dotted with villas.

Elsewhere municipalities have taken up the matter, and in large operations the district or the department has provided the funds.—London Times.

He Loves to Work.

The foreman of a bootblacking shop in Madison square is a continual surprise to the customers. His employer is a padrone, and he is left in complete control. His conduct justifies his employer's confidence. He is the hardest worker among the half dozen employees and frequently takes the brushes from one of his subordinates when there are not enough customers to keep all busy. He never allows a customer to go away unless he is satisfied that his boots have been polished in the best manner possible. He is ever full of enthusiasm and works with as much energy at the end of a busy day as at the beginning. His humor never lags, and his muscles never tire.

"It is as good as a bracer to watch that fellow," said a rounder. "He is the only man I ever saw who always seems to love to work."—New York Sun.

Dutch Toast.

Dutch toast is a simple dish for using up scraps of bread. Crumble the bread and place in a frying pan with a slice of butter or drippings. Add salt, pepper and sage if liked. It should be seasoned quite well. Add a small quantity of boiling water, cover closely so the steam will soften the bread, stir several times and serve hot. What with cream toast, codfish and fruit toast, we may have this turco cooked bread frequently without its becoming monotonous.—Philadelphia Ledger.

In the house of a Pompeiian sculptor were found 32 mallets, 15 compasses, 3 levers, several chisels, together with jacks for raising blocks, and nearly 30 statues and busts, in every stage of manufacture.

The grains of cornstarch are only about one-fourth the size of those of the starch made from the potato.

THE KING OF INNISHKEA.

He Dwells on an Irish Island and Rules a Mayo Tribe.

About 16 miles from Dugort, in Achill island, out to sea, looking like a thin line of sand in the waves of the Atlantic, is the island of Innishkea. One fine morning our party started to visit it in a trusty hooker. As the hooker came in sight of the shore great excitement was visible among the islanders, and it was very hard to realize that we were still but 36 hours' journey from London.

The inhabitants turned out en masse. The women and children in their scanty garments of red flannel crouched outside their cabins, while numbers of the men ran down to the beach and put out in their coracles on chance of rowing us to land. It was a strange scene and curiously like a picture plate in a boy's book of adventures. We knew there was a king of Innishkea, and soon a tall, bronze faced man was pointed out to us as his majesty. On landing all the party were introduced and conducted by him to the palace, where the queen dowager, with her daughter, bade us welcome in true Irish fashion.

The old lady was in her picturesque native costume—red dress and plaid shawl over her head. The princess, however, had evidently on first sight of the hooker arrayed herself in modern fashion to do us honor, and we were amused on penetrating into the reception room to find advertisements from shops in Buckingham Palace road and St. Paul's churchyard hung up to embellish the wall, though only by a favored few could they be read.

The island was destitute of any school or means of instruction for the children, a very small proportion either understood or spoke English, and there was neither watch nor clock among the people, who had a happy go lucky idea of time and troubled themselves little as to Greenwich regulations.

There were no church bells to ring, no trains to catch, no office hours requiring punctuality, so when the sun was high in the heavens they would get through their not arduous farming duties, and when he sank in the great waste of waters they could sleep. The king's word settled all disputes. It was a hereditary monarchy, and his people, so far as he was concerned, were untaxed. Happy those states, thought some of the visitors, where royalty could be maintained with so little grandeur! However, I am in honesty bound to add we found King Philip had other means of filling his coffers besides levying taxes on his faithful subjects and learned the art of making good his opportunity whenever the Saxon stranger ventured to land on his shore. But Innishkea has an interest altogether apart from its situation, surrounded as it is by lovely views of mountain cliff and rocky headland. On this spot, hundreds of years ago, early Christian missionaries landed, and on top of a shelly mount, half a mile from the beach, are Christian remains of great antiquity. West of the island there stand also the ruins of a church said to have been built by the successors of St. Columba.—Leisure Hours.

Jenny Lind.

Jenny Lind must have been the most simple, unpretending prima donna that ever lived. When she first came to England she was bound to sing only at the Royal Italian Opera House, and when commanded to sing at the queen's concert she was obliged to refuse. Very sorry to be compelled to notify this, she ordered her carriage and drove straight to Buckingham palace. She handed her card to an official, who, not unnaturally, declined to take it in. A higher authority happened to pass and took it upon himself to present it. As soon as her majesty saw it she said, "Admit her, by all means." Jenny Lind appeared and said simply that she was so very sorry to be unable to sing at her majesty's concert that she thought it better to call herself and explain. The queen was charmed with her natural manner, gave her a cordial reception and promised to be her friend.—Today.

A Fine Polish For Tinware.

When the kitchen range is cleaned out, there will be found in the flue under the oven a considerable quantity of gray dust. It is not ashes exactly, not yet soot, but a smoke deposit as near akin to lampblack as a coal fire is able to produce—soft, light, impalpable, finer than the finest flour. Not many among those who throw this into the ash bin are probably aware that this is the best thing in the world for polishing tinware, far surpassing all the prepared powders and pastes sold for that purpose. Apply it to the tin with a damp cloth, and a few strokes will produce such a luster as is on new ware or as the engraver puts upon his zinc plates by the use of charcoal.—Exchange.

Triumph of Bad Spelling.

Mr. R. E. Bartlett, Chelmsford, writes: "I can beat the achievement of Charles Edward, who, by spelling box 'botsk,' made more mistakes than the letters admit of. I have in my possession a letter addressed many years ago to my father, in which 13 mistakes are made in a single word of five letters. The word is, or was meant to be, usage; the spelling is yowaitch. There are thus five sins of omission and eight of commission; total, 13."—London News.

Pretty Thin.

They have recently made gold leaf by electro-chemical processes as thin as four-millionths of an inch thick, if you can imagine that. It was exactly 1-2,798,000 of an inch. The highest previous thinness ever reached was 1-367,650. This is 10,584 times thinner than ordinary thin writing paper.—Journal of Education.

Unconscious Candor.

"Some women can't help using a word their husbands say," remarked

"Well," replied the other, "I'm not quite so badly off as that. My husband talks in his sleep occasionally."—Washington Star.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 23, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Princess Bonnie."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Dragoon's Daughter."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Thomas Keene.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—H. Beerbohm Tree.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"1492."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Texas Steer."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"Faust."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"Span of Life."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock'"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE IRISH POLITICAL PRISONERS.

In view of the recent refusal of John Morley, secretary for Ireland, and Home Secretary Asquith, to liberate the Irish political prisoners, at the request of *both* wings of the Irish Parliamentary party, it seems to us that the British Whigs have finally reached a point of insolence unknown to their Irish policy since Parnell became a power in Anglo-Irish politics. It is a plain case of English snub to the Irish alliance, and is no more than the trimming, cowardly tactics pursued by the majority of the Irish party warranted. The English are a coarse-fibered race and will yield to nothing but necessity. They have great respect for cannon balls, and banded majorities, but for nothing else. Asquith said insolently that no "Irish dynamitards" would be released under any circumstances—even though the wretched prisoners have exceeded by several years the average punishment inflicted on English culprits for offenses of a kindred character.

Under these circumstances, the following letter from Timothy Featherstone, an Irish-American, who was arrested for alleged dynamite conspiracy in the city of Cork in the spring of 1883 will be read with interest. It was addressed to an Irishman resident in England, and, as will be seen by the date, was rather slow in getting into the papers:

"PORTLAND PRISON, Dec. 18, 1894.—*My Dear Friend:* I have labored in great anxiety touching the non-arrival of any acknowledgment regarding the reception of my last letter to you. I regret the more as I expected to hear some commentaries upon insinuations which I felt constrained to make upon certain transactions roported to me, and whether, as I suspect, some new duplicity has been discovered. Indeed, I feel strongly convinced such dishonor has generated among that class of spouters referred to, whose averice for gold is paramount to every other desire, race and country inclusive. This corruption must have taken deep root, else the slavish quietude which governs their political attitude could not have existed so tenaciously. It is evident to any thinking person, unless bribery of unknown magnitude had prevailed, this injustice had ceased to be. If the adhesion of the Irish party had not been secured by heavy subsidies, the agents of the administration would not have declaimed with impunity in language defamatory of their imprisoned victims. This state of things preludes not justice but despotism.

"If the aims of those in office were upright, generous, and disinterested, why should it be necessary to resort to purchase the loyalty of the Irish members? But it is evident there lies hidden some scheme of individual advancement beneath the surface, and in pursuit of this object the claims of oppression are ruthlessly suffocated. During the long succession of civilized government it has not been known that any remedy towards ameliorating oppressed humanity has been found necessary to secure its passage by resorting to a secret system of corruption, but when such means are made the motive power you may safely infer there is an axe to grind. If we are such desperate offenders and reprobate of all feelings of human sympathy, beneath what type of honor do our legislators justify their reproachable proceedings? Must the public suffer dishonesty that an administration may continue to practice vindictive cruelty upon a few decrepit men? Such sentiments are incompatible with the dictates of righteousness, and repress the abiding admonition of canonical discipline, for bribery and injustice shall be blotted out, but fidelity shall stand for ever. There can no other definition proceed from this course of government policy than that a sinister system to defraud exists, which receives countenance that a few suspicious men may continue immured. This course in which the administration persists can sustain no stronger cause of rectitude than sheer revenge, which renders Sheridan's able retort so applicable here: 'They have have turned the Sword of State to an assassin's dagger.'

"This will more clearly manifest itself hereafter, but enough has transpired to place it at least on a par with our accusation, highly suspicious. This line of policy has a destructive issue and maintains itself by ulterior subterfuge as if the fanaticism of anarchists or nihilism was an emanation of our unpurchasable tenets. But a government which adopts those alarms cannot wholly exculpate its members whose devices and acquiescence have encouraged those evils to the annihilation of its impotent opponent—a government which, in the words of the above illustrious authority has set at nought the property, the liberty, and life of the subject: a government which has dealt in extortion, tortures, and dungeons. While a scheme of this magnitude is so artfully employed, it is a wonder how any evidence has eked out to stamp the projectors with deserving odium. You may be sure this strategy is not confined to the leader. There must be several adjutants also to stem dissensions among the party. I would recommend you to change the entire lot, for this perfidy is generally diffused to retain longer any of the disaffected body. If this subserviency is obstinate the different constituencies can insist on their resignation, and, if any refuse to comply you may then feel certain they are deceptively engaged. I hope yourself and family are well, and I wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

TIMOTHY FEATHERSTONE."

EMMET'S DAY PROGRAMME.

A glance at the programme of the Emmet celebration at the Auditorium on the evening of Monday, March 4, shows a grouping of attractions that cannot fail to interest the citizens of Chicago, and, more particularly, the Irish-American element. The chair will be taken at 8 o'clock by John F. Finerty, who will deliver the introductory address. Alexander Sullivan will deliver the oration on the martyr, patriot and hero, Robert Emmet. P. H. Keenan will read the address and resolutions, and the musical and recitative part of the programme will be rendered by the following artists:

Mrs. Genevra Johnstone Bishop, who will sing the "Star Spangled Banner," is the most brilliant soprano on the concert stage, and is a descendant of Ulster rebels.

Signora Carusi, who so delighted the great audience at the World's Fair on Irish Day, needs no introduction to an Irish-American audience in Chicago.

Miss Bayard has a charming contralto voice, and is one of Chicago's most promising young artists.

Mr. Clarence Eddy, who was one of the few performers invited to play on the great Trocadero Palace Organ at the Universal Exposition in Paris, will render on the magnificent Auditorium organ a number of examples of the authentic ancient music of Ireland. This music is rarely heard in any part of the world. Mr. Eddy will probably be the first to play it in the United States.

Mr. Kayzer, president of the Chicago Conservatory of Music and Dramatic Art, in reading Emmet's great speech, will be performing a labor of love, as he is a most ardent admirer of the speech and of Emmet.

Mr. M. J. Murphy is known throughout the Union as the associate of John F. Finerty in the laudable work of reviving interest in Irish history, and in the national music of each epoch in that eventful history.

Mr. J. J. Phelan, who will lead the great audience in singing "God Save Ireland," will worthily close this most attractive programme.

PERSONAL POLITICS.

The Irish papers of both factions still continue to deal in fierce abuse of each other's friends. The *Munster Express* (Waterford) of the 2d inst., has the following to say about conferring the freedom of the city on Thomas Sexton: "The fulsome flattery showered on Mr. Sexton was, to say the least, bad taste. We most emphatically deny that he is worthy of the freedom of this city. We know from Mr. Parnell's own lips that he was the man, above all others, who stabbed him in the dark. To the credit of Tim Healy be it said that he fought an open fight, and, no matter how rough his tongue was, he came out in the open. Sexton kept in the background (at times very much in the background), and played the Iago of the dastardly plot to kill the man who brought him out of the gutter of obscurity and poverty to the senate and comparative wealth and luxury. However, the voices of the citizens are hushed. They are forbidden to enter the sacred precincts of the city council chamber when their ex-townsman—of whom they are thoroughly ashamed—is to have his merits discussed by persons who refuse to examine the man's character as they should have done. The Parnellites now can plainly see that peace and good will is not the policy of the Waterford McCarthyites."

Well, we used to think that nothing could beat some of our American newspapers in the way of personality, but the vigor of expression manifested by the *Munster Express* and some other journals in regard to Mr. Sexton and others compels us to give the championship to the Irish press.

"THE CITIZEN" BOMBARDED BY TWO ENGLISH GENERALS.

The recent reviews by THE CITIZEN of the series of articles which appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine* from the pens of Generals Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts, respectively entitled "The Decline and Fall of Napoleon" and "The Rise of Wellington" have drawn characteristic replies from the two celebrated soldier-authors. Wolseley is crusty and assertive, while the more genial Roberts goes into the heart of the matter in his well known fighting style. Both letters were addressed to an ex-officer of the British army, now resident in this city, and read as follows:

"GROVE PARK, KINGSBURY, MIDDLESEX, Jan. 29, 1896.—*Mr.*——, *Dear Sir:* I am much obliged to you for sending me the cutting from the Chicago CITIZEN of the 5th inst., reviewing my articles on the Rise of Wellington in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. It cannot be expected that my own estimate of Wellington's military genius should meet with universal acceptance, but, as the old English proverb says, "the proof of the pudding is the eating"; and if, as was the case, the Duke succeeded in defeating first the ablest marshals of France and afterwards Napoleon himself, there would appear to be some ground for believing that the British commander was as great an expert in the art of war as his illustrious antagonist. The writer of the article in THE CITIZEN accuses me of inaccuracy with regard to the losses at Waterloo. I stated that the British loss was 8,460 and that of the Prussians about 7,000. It must be remembered that in 1815 the king of England was also king of Hanover, and that the king's German Legion as well as the other Hanoverian troops, were under the Duke of Wellington's immediate command. The number of British and Hanoverians killed, wounded and missing on the 18th of June, 1815, is authoritatively given in Wellington's official dispatch to Earl Bathurst dated the day following the battle. The return is as follows:

	British.	*Hanoverians*
Killed	1,759	255
Wounded	5,892	1,124
Missing	807	816
Total	8,458	2,225

The writer of the article admits that the Prussian loss at Waterloo was—

Killed	1,255
Wounded	4,367
Missing	1,356
Total	6,995

So that you will see I was absolutely correct in my statement of the British and Prussian casualties.

"My critic further declares that the British troops who fought at Waterloo were tried and seasoned soldiers. Some of them, especially the cavalry, were so, and the whole force nobly upheld the honor of the British name. But Wellington himself did not speak very highly of the army he commanded. Writing to Lord Bathurst on the 25th of June, 1815, he remarked, 'I really believe that, with the exception of the Spanish infantry (i.e. the regiments which had served under him in the Peninsula), I have got not only the worst troops, but the worst equipped army, with the worst staff, that was ever brought together.'

"In conclusion I will only say that it is a great pleasure to me to find that you, in common with many of our countrymen on the other side of the Atlantic, feel a patriotic pride in the victories gained by Wellington, which were as glorious to the soldiers of Ireland as to those of England and Scotland. Believe me, yours faithfully, ROBERTS."

"THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, DUBLIN, Jan. 25, 1895.—*Mr.*——, *Sir:* I am much obliged to you for the newspaper cutting enclosed in your letter of the 14th inst. It is written in a spirit evidently hostile to England, and, as far as I can judge, is most inaccurate in its statements. I remain, faithfully yours, WOLSELEY."

THE CITIZEN ventures to say that Gen. Wolseley has not a more intimate acquaintance with Napoleonic literature than the writer of the article, which he stigmatizes as being inaccurate. In this country, a handle to a man's name gives no great weight to his assertions, unless he comes forward with the proofs. Gen. Wolseley has not done this. He is a hot tempered man, about the only Irish quality he possesses, and cannot bear to to be criticised. He is a good soldier, and an able general, for his opportunities; but he bears no comparison in military merit to his more famous fellow-warrior, Lord Roberts, called by the British army, "Fighting Bobs."

General Roberts, with the audacity of a veteran, seeks to make out the Hanoverians in the British service Englishmen. Well, he will have to settle that with the people of Hanover, who are now Prussians, in spite of England's half-hearted protest, when Bismarck resolved on gobbling up all the petty states of North Germany, in 1866. The Duke of Wellington was not correct in his first dispatch relative to actual British loss at Waterloo. The accepted returns are (see H. R. Clinton's Peninsular War and W. H. Maxwell's Life of Wellington)—British

Killed	1,417
Wounded	3,923
Missing	582
Total	6,892

The King's German Legion, which, perhaps, Wellington included as "British," lost 362 killed, 1,009 wounded and 218 missing; while the Hanoverians lost 294 killed, 1,098 wounded and 210 missing. Therefore, it was the Duke, and not Gen. Roberts, who classed Germans "to the manor born" as British. If the Irish losses at Waterloo were subtracted, the merely British element among the victims of the battle would be much more extensively reduced.

We cannot agree with Lord Roberts that many of his Irish fellow-countrymen on this side of the Atlantic take "a patriotic pride" in the achievements of the Duke of Wellington, because every victory gained by that great soldier, and bad Irishman, only served to rivet new chains on the limbs of his hapless native country. We fail to see also what "glory" Ireland gained by the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo. It is, unfortunately, true that many Irish officers distinguished themselves on the English side in that "king-making victory," and they were great fools for their pains. Irishmen should also remember that anything which elevates England correspondingly degrades Ireland. The latter will never be permitted to swell to the grand proportions of a nation until the British Empire is totally pulverized, and blotted, in a military, commercial and political sense, from the map of the world.

When Lord Wolseley says that the review of his *Pall Mall Magazine* articles was "written in a spirit evidently hostile to England," he is correct to the letter; but that hostility did not prevent the reviewer from doing full justice to Napoleon's enemies. The Emperor was not, indeed, a perfect moral type of humanity, but he never was what Gen. Wolseley unwarrantably pronounced him to be—"a superlatively bad man." Of the two great antagonists we firmly believe that Wellington had the harder nature. His refusal to interfere in behalf of Marshal Ney stamped him as a man utterly devoid of chivalry, humanity and generosity.

Lord Roberts' quotation from Wellington's official dispatches, or letters, relative to the inefficiency of his Waterloo army is entirely correct, but General Roberts himself, in the articles reviewed by THE CITIZEN, pronounced the Iron Duke too severe and unsympathetic. Doubtless Wellington wished to enlarge his own merit as a general by running down the army that saved his bacon at Waterloo.

THE IRISH SEPARATISTS.

As the 117th anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet will be celebrated with more than ordinary eclat at the Auditorium of this city, on Monday evening, March 4, it may be well to recall the circumstances, and principles, that led up to the immortal tragedy that terminated his pure young life on a Dublin scaffold, Sept. 20, 1803.

Henry Grattan's fatal attachment to the English connection, aided by the dastardly trick of the Earl of Charlemont, a wretched old Whig, in adjourning the Volunteer convention, without a quorum, in 1783, had rendered nugatory the successes of 1780 and 1782, and deprived Ireland of the best chance she had ever had of getting rid of the English connection. Out of the wrecks of the Volunteers, about ten years later, when all hope of reforming the Irish parliament had vanished, and when England had regained much of her lost ascendancy in the country, the famous nonsectarian society, known as the United Irishmen, was mainly formed. A large number of Catholics banded themselves in patriotic brotherhood with the Presbyterians and other Protestant Irishmen, first for reform and Catholic redress, and, subsequently, for total separation from England, by the aid of the newly born French republic, allied to their own native resources.

The acknowledged founder of the United Irish Society was a Dublin Protestant lawyer, of Kildare antecedents, named Theobald Wolfe Tone, who had been previously secretary of the Catholic committee, the head of which was John Keogh, called "Gog" in Tone's thrilling personal memoirs. Some of the United Irish leaders, among them Thomas Addis Emmet, elder brother of Robert, were not as enthusiastic supporters of the idea of French intervention as others of their comrades. Among the latter were Wolfe Tone himself, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Arthur O'Connor, subsequently a general in the service of France.

The more conservative element of the organization were afraid that France might take Ireland for her own use and benefit, if she once got a strong foothold in the island, and insisted that, as there were, at least, 200,000 fairly well organized men in the society, it would be better to strike without waiting for French aid. But Tone and his friends did not like leaving anything to chance, and thought it would be highly imprudent to endanger the cause without the assistance of a foreign, but friendly, force, sufficient to give confidence to the Irish troops, but not too numerous to threaten conquest. Their views, in the end, prevailed, and, viewed in the light of subsequent history, it is questionable whether they forced upon their associates the wiser policy. The gallantry and military ability displayed by the counties of Wexford, Wicklow, Kildare, Carlow, Down and Antrim, in 1798, warrant the belief that three-fourths of Ireland, which surely would have risen in 1795, might have decided the struggle in favor of independence.

It is certain, however, that if Hoche had succeeded in landing his fine expedition, in 1796, the liberty of Ireland would have been achieved, and this was Napoleon's view, when an exile on the rock of St. Helena. Wolfe Tone was forced out of Ireland by the imprudence of the patriotic, but unfortunate, Rev. William Jackson, a Protestant clergyman who put trust in an English friend, and was by him betrayed to his death. Tone first came to this country and then proceeded to France, where he achieved miracles, and would infallibly have succeeded in his aims, had the elements—England's only unsubsidized allies—been as good to him and to Ireland as Carnot and the French Directory. It is sorrowful to recall the disasters of the Brest and Texel expeditions, and to read of Tone's final fight and capture, under the French admiral Bompart, on board the Hoche man-of-war in the waters of Lough Swilly. His betrayal by Sir George Hill—a former college mate—arrest, removal to Dublin, with his feet chained together under the belly of his horse; his trial by court martial and antique Roman death are familiar to most of his countrymen. His speech to the members of the court martial deserves to live forever in the hearts of his people, and a few passages from it may prove both instructive and inspiring to our readers. Said the gallant rebel," when asked why sentence should not be pronounced upon him:

"Mr. President and gentlemen of the court martial: I mean not to give you the trouble of bringing judicial proof to convict me, legally, of having acted in hostility to the government of his Britannic Majesty in Ireland. I admit the fact. From my earliest youth, I have regarded the connection between Ireland and Great Britain as the curse of the Irish nation, and felt convinced that while it lasted this country (Ireland) could never be free or happy. My mind has been confirmed in this opinion by the experience of every succeeding year, and the conclusions which I have drawn from every fact before my eyes. In consequence, I determined to apply all the powers which my individual efforts could move in order to separate the two countries.

"That Ireland was not able, of herself, to throw off the yoke I knew. I, therefore, sought for aid wherever it could be found. In honorable poverty I rejected offers which, to a man in my circumstances, might be considered highly advantageous. I remained faithful to what I thought the cause of my country, and sought in the French republic an ally to rescue three millions of my countrymen from—"

Here he was interrupted by the President, and then resumed:

"I believe there is nothing in what remains for me to say that can give offense. I mean to express my feelings and gratitude toward the Catholic body in whose cause I was engaged."

Another interruption from Gen. Loftus here occurred, after which Tone continued:

"I shall, then, confine myself to some points relative to my connection with the French army. Attached to no party in the Republic, without interest, without money, without intrigue, the openness and integrity of my views raised me to a high and confidential rank in its armies. I obtained the confidence of the Executive Directory, the approbation of my generals, and, I venture to add, the esteem and affection of my brave comrades. When I review these circumstances, I feel a secret and internal consolation which no reverse of fortune, no sentence in the power of this court to inflict, can ever deprive me of, or weaken in any degree.

"Under the flag of the French Republic I originally engaged with a view to save and liberate my own country. For that purpose, I have encountered the chances of war among strangers; for that purpose I have repeatedly braved the terrors of the ocean, covered, as I knew it to be, with the triumphant fleets of that Power which it was my glory and my duty to oppose. I have sacrificed all my views in life; I have courted poverty; I have left a beloved wife unprotected and children whom I adore fatherless. After such sacrifices in a cause which I have always conscientiously considered the cause of justice and of freedom, it is no great effort at this day to add the sacrifice of my life. * * * In a cause like this, success is everything. Washington succeeded and Kosciusko failed.

"After a combat nobly sustained—a combat which would have excited the respect and sympathy of a generous enemy—my fate was to become a prisoner. To the eternal disgrace of those who gave the order, I was brought hither in irons, like a felon. I mention this for the sake of others, for me I am indifferent to it. I am aware of the fate that awaits me, and scorn equally the tone of complaint, and that of supplication.

"As to the connection between Ireland and Great Britain, I repeat all that has been imputed to me—words, writing and actions, I deliberately avow. I have spoken and acted with deliberation, and on principle, and am ready to meet the consequences. Whatever the sentence of this court, I am prepared for it. Its members will surely discharge their duty, I shall take care not to be wanting in mine."

He was then asked if he desired to speak further and replied that, out of respect for the French uniform which he wore, he would prefer to be shot instead of hanged, and showed his commission, etc., as a general officer in the service of France. On being told that the papers would further incriminate him, he replied. "Oh, I know it well! I have already admitted the facts and now admit the papers as full proof of conviction."

His request was refused by Lord Cornwallis; he anticipated his execution, and the rest is known. Thus died the first modern Irish apostle of total separation from England.

When Thomas Addis Emmet, then a prisoner, was examined before the secret committee of the Irish house of lords, in August, 1798, the following occurred in his statement regarding French aid and separation:

Lord Chancellor—"Would they (the French) act as they did in Holland?"

Addis Emmet—"As Rochambeau did in America, my lord."

The subject of separation was then entered into.

Lord Chancellor—"How is it possible, Mr. Emmet? Just look on the map and tell how you can suppose that Ireland could exist independent of England or France?"

Addis Emmet—"My lords, if I had any doubt on the subject, I should never have attempted to effect a separation, but I have given the subject as much consideration as my faculties would admit, and I have not a shadow of doubt that if Ireland were once independent she might defy the combined efforts of France and England."

Archbishop of Cashel (Protestant)—"My God! her trade would be destroyed!"

Addis Emmet—"Pardon me, my lord; her trade would be infinitely increased, I am sure Ireland is strong enough to set up for herself."

Lord Chancellor—"What would you do for coals?"

Addis Emmet—"England would suffer as much as Ireland if we did not buy her coals. Our fuel might be dearer for a time, but, by paying sufficient price, we would have abundant fuel from our own mines and from the bogs."

Archbishop of Cashel—"Why, twelve frigates would stop up all our ports."

Addis Emmet—"My lord, you have taken a very imperfect survey of our ports when you make that statement, and I must observe to you that if Ireland were for three months separated from England, the latter would cease to be such a formidable naval power."

Lord Chancellor—"Well, I cannot conceive that separation would last twelve hours."

Addis Emmet—"I declare it to God, I think that if Ireland were separated from England, she would be the happiest spot on the face of the globe!"

"At this," says the report, "they all seemed greatly astonished." Of course—the miscreants.

It has always seemed to us that Robert Emmet was too severe in his denunciation of France in his famous speech from the dock. But the failure of Wolfe Tone's attempts and Bonaparte's duplicity in abandoning Ireland for Egypt, as well as subsequent breaches of faith, had irritated him against that country. He was an ardent separatist, and was the first—we had almost said the last—Irishman who rose in armed revolt against the infamous Union act, and forfeited his life in consequence.

The principles of Tone and the two Emmets are as virile in the genuine Irish heart today, as when they were exemplified in the field and on the scaffold.

And, because of this, the Irish-American people of Chicago will fill the massive Auditorium, in Robert Emmet's honor, on the evening of March 4.

AN INDEPENDENT ATTITUDE.

[*Contributed.*]

At a time when American politics are wrapped up, so to speak, in questions dealing vitally with the national life of the United States, it may not be inapplicable to touch upon the relations of the various citizens composing the body of the great republic to the two political parties of the States. The commercial and financial questions before the country deal solely with the vital interests of the United States. They may be presented before the German as well as to the citizen of Irish birth without arousing race prejudice. Not as in the past, when religious and racial points of contact convulsed the country, is the position of the field today in American politics. The Irishman of one political opinion may safely meet his compatriot of an opposing civic persuasion and still believe in him as a whole-souled man. That these things are not so, as a matter of fact, reflects somewhat upon the Irish race. That great advances have been made in Irish individual independence as citizens it the broad area of American politics is greatly due to the leading men of their race who, a decade since, told them in stirring tones that the time had gone by when they were as a people to be dragged at the wheels of the triumphant chariot of one party alone, or of any party; that no longer were they to be as Israelites in the land of Phaorah but that they should become part and parcel of the great people of which in truth they were no undistinguished part.

Divorced to a great extent from party bondage, they saw a great political party, with an illustrious history, which they had hitherto ignored as hostile to their creed and race, battling again, though under widely different auspices, for American unity and greatness. They saw in this magnificent political party everything that represented true conservative feeling in a country where the wheels of progress were apt to move with an excessive rapidity, and where experiments in commercial and financial legislation were too often attended with untoward results. That movement which placed the true position of the Republican section of the American people towards the Celtic race in its true light was a righteous one. In releasing the citizens of Irish nativity or descent

from the shackles of single party power it placed in their hands the powerful weapon of independence. The attitude inaugurated in that movement has been indorsed by men high in the confidence of Irish-Americans.

The great archbishop of the Northwest has struck with the lightning of his censure those who would again lead the Irish-American citizen back into the wilderness of party servitude. With a view to again enslave them in the meshes of those who for years misled the Irishman by false and vaunting threats never carried into operation, and directed against the arch enemy of his race, they have overwhelmed with calumnies the party which on more than one occasion saved the country from rupture and disintegration. The mists which have hitherto obscured the situation are clearing. In the new light and judging both parties from a purely patriotic point of view the party devoted to the conservation of American interests and trade has proved a powerful case against those who are now perilously drifting the vessel of state upon the quicksands of financial revolution. It remains for the American citizen, whether he hails from an Irish hillside or a German valley, to stand upon an eminence far above racial obstructions and view both Republican and Democratic parties solely as American political bodies. W. P.

"MURTY HYNES."

A recent cablegram from Loughrea, county Galway, Ireland, announced the death of a famous Land League character in the following terms:

"The death occurred today, at Kilbawn, near this town, of one of the most notable characters of the early days of the land movement in Ireland—the man known near and far as 'Honest Murty Hynes.' Murty grabbed the farm of a Mrs. Dempsey at a place called Kylebeg, near Killimore, in this county, in 1880, but on being visited by deputations from the neighboring branches of the Land League he at once relinquished the holding, and became a striking example to the land-grabbers of the time, and gave great strength to the National movement. Some time afterwards T. D. Sullivan's lines on the incident appeared, and Murty woke up one morning to find himself famous. During the past few years he was a well known figure about Loughrea, which he visited very frequently, having a small farm in the immediate vicinity of the town. He has been suffering from consumption for some time, and today succumbed to the malady. Irishmen all the world over will remember the poor fellow once more when they hear that 'he has crossed the bar,' and, remembering the old Land League days, will pray for Murty Hynes."

LATER—Another account says that the man who died at Kilbawn was not the original "Murty," but a namesake.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, the noted freedman, died on Wednesday evening at his residence in Anacostia, a suburb of Washington, D.C. His death was sudden and unexpected, as he had been enjoying excellent health.

AN entertainment was given Wednesday night at Apollo Hall by St. Ignatius Young Men's College Sodality, to raise funds for the Sodality. About 2,000 persons were present.

THE sudden and violent death by a railroad accident at Park Manor, on the 17th inst., of Dr. William Godfrey Dyas, one of the best known of Chicago physicians, has shocked the community at large. Dr. Dyas was a native of Ireland and was in his 88th year when he met with the fatal accident. He had practiced in Chicago for more than fifty years.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor of the Annunciation church, Waubansia avenue and Paulina street, occurred last week at Walsh's Hall. Over 2,000 people were present, including Bishop Burke, of St. Joseph, Mo.; Bishop Dunne, of Dallas, Texas, and many clergymen from this and other dioceses. Mr. A. Weir made the presentation speech for the parishioners and handed Father McShane a purse well filled with gold pieces, while the Rev. M. J. Dorney made the presentation address on behalf of the clergy. On Wednesday, the anniversary proper, the clergy held their celebration of the event with solemn high mass and other imposing religious services.

THE Irish "National" Blatheration of New York recently passed resolutions denouncing John Redmond and his associates for voting against the treacherous English Whigs. The Blatherationists are great statesmen.

CARDIFF, Wales, has an Irish mayor in the person of Patrick W. Carey, recently elected to that office. Mr. Carey is also a member of the Catholic church, but seems to be popular with all creeds and classes, as he is a liberal, as well as an able, man. He was born at Cashel, Tipperary, in 1850, and has lived most of his life in Wales. Mr. Carey has the distinction of being the only man of his name and creed who has filled in Cardiff the onerous offices of alderman, magistrate and mayor. He was secretary of the Chicago Relief Fund of Cardiff after the Fire of 1871, and was instrumental in raising nearly £6,000 for the relief f the fire sufferers. Chicago has reason to remember him with gratitude, and to congratulate him with cordiality.

THE fair which has been conducted for the benefit of the Church of St. Rose of Lima, under the superintendency of the pastor, Rev. Father D. Hayes, during most of this month has been very successful. It will close this (Saturday) evening. Rev. Fathers Hayes and Dwyer and Mr. Finerty delivered addresses in the school hall during this week, before large and interested audiences.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

WRECK OF THE CHICORA.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

Adieu, fair Milwaukee! Wisconsin farewell—
Bright land of the forest, lake, river and dell,
Though the storm-king may threaten—the wild billows roar,
We're bound for St. Joseph, on fair Michigan's shore,
Rude storms may arise and the hoarse tempests rave,
No terrors they bring to the hearts of the brave.
No gale on the waters our ship may o'erwhelm,
With our crew—tried and true—and bold Stines at the helm.

Who fears the wild billows? the storm-fiend who dreads?"
Though masts may be shiver'd—sails tattered to shreds,
In the gale—in the storm—in the hurricane's strife,
Who fears on the waters to hazard his life?
Sailors love the blue deep—never dread the bright wave,
Though our ship be our coffin—the lake be our grave.
At all hours—in all weather—midday or midnight.
With the storm and the billow we're destined to fight.

Oh, treacherous waters! the wild billows rise
Like mountains whose peaks seem to pierce the dark skies,
The storm-king has summoned his legions to war,
In the pittiless sky there appears not a star,
Around us ice-boulders—the frost laden snow,
The sleetstorm above and the breakers below.
The gales into madness the fierce billows lash
And o'er the Chicora like wild furies dash.

Wild breakers, resistless sweep o'er her deck,
Her bulwarks are broken, her cabin a wreck
And the ice-freighted billows aroused, in their wrath
Beset the fair ship in the hurricane's path,
No vessel could stand such wild seas—such fierce shocks,
Her timbers are shatter'd like spray 'gainst the rocks.
Ship and crew in the wild storm go down in the deep,
And the rude-winds now sigh o'er the waves where they sleep.

Oh, fated Chicora! thy brave sailors' urn!
No more to the shore shall you ever return—
No more shall we greet the brave heroes who died—
In the wild strife to save, on the perilous tide—
No more commerce you'll bring from the marts or the mines.
Or restore the lost seamen who perish'd with Stines,
No stone notes a name—no green mound marks a grave—
Of the heroes who fought, the Chicora to save.

Oh, the hearts that are sad! the bright eyes that o'erflow,
For the sailors that rest in the waters below
The blue lake's bright surface, the true and the brave,
Now calmly they rest in a mariner's grave,
Till the trump of the angel of life shall restore
The sailors to land and that crew to the shore,
Peace! peace to their slumbers—the tears that are shed
Shall be bright as the waters that roll o'er the dead.

*** The Steamship Chicora, Captain Ed. Stines commander, left Milwaukee, Wis., on Monday, Jan. 21, 1895, with a cargo of merchandise, bound for St. Joseph, Mich. It is reported that Capt. Stines on being cautioned about a storm brewing on the lake, replied that "with a stanch ship and a good crew, I never yet saw the storm that I was afraid of." Unfortunately the storm came and the brave officer and his gallant crew perished in Lake Michigan.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

As the Chicago *Herald* of last Sunday aptly puts it, "the Schiller theatre seems to be establishing itself as a recognized home of comic opera in Chicago." The brilliantly handsome and accomplished comic opera star and bouffe artiste, Louise Beaudet, in the first production here of the new comic opera, "The Dragoon's Daughter," is crowding the theatre nightly, and adds another to the long list of popular successes at this pretty house. Mlle. Beaudet was last seen here at the Auditorium as the star of the great "America" combination. Immensely attractive, she then established herself as a popular favorite in Chicago. In "The Dragoon's Daughter," a delightful and provokingly funny comic opera, by J. Cheever Goodwin and Herman Perlet, this vivacious and pretty little artiste and melodious singer has scored another unqualified triumph. She is splendidly supported by a fine company. The story is French, with lots of "go" and action, full of laughable incidents and comical situations; the music is very pretty, with new melodies and bright choruses. The next attraction at the Schiller, opening Sunday evening, March 3, is another comedy success, "The Passport," produced by that universal favorite, Sadie Martinot, and the well-known comedian, Max Figman, supported by a specially organized New York company.

OBITUARY.

MRS. FITZSIMMONS.

Mrs. Fitzsimmons, widow of the late James Fitzsimmons and mother of Mrs. Peter Leddy, Mrs. John Halloran, Mrs. G. St. John, Mrs. S. O'Keefe and Mrs. Philip Leddy, died at her residence in this city on the 11th inst., after a long illness, in the 75th year of her age. She had resided in Chicago nearly thirty years and was the mother of ten children, five of whom, whose names are given above, survive her. The funeral occurred from the house to St. James church on the morning of the 14th inst., and was largely attended. After high mass of requiem, the remains were escorted to Calvary cemetery where they were laid to rest.

MR. JOHN WALSH.

Mr. John Walsh died of hemorrhage of the lungs, at the residence of his mother, Mrs. Norah Walsh, No. 7 West Fifty-second street, on the 10th inst., aged 28 years. Mr. Walsh was born in Letterfrack, county Galway, Ireland, and came to this country when 16 years of age. He was a brother of Michael Walsh, who died in Letterfrack about three months ago, immediately after his release from Mountjoy prison where he had been confined for a political offense. He leaves a mother, three sisters and two brothers to mourn his loss. The funeral took place from the residence to St. Ann's church, where high mass was celebrated, thence by carriage to Mount Olivet cemetery, where the remains were interred in the family lot. Following were the pallbearers: J. Coyne, P. Coyne, P. Keane, J. Monaghan, J. Walsh, T. Desmond.

MISTLETOE CLUB BALL.

The Mistletoe Club gave its annual ball last Tuesday evening at Beek's Academy, No. 164 Warren avenue. The complete success of the affair was assured by the elaborate preparations of those who had it in charge. The grand march took place at 9 o'clock. The officers of the Mistletoe Club are: President, Charles G. Mollan; vice-president, D. J. Gallagher; second vice-president, Edward Long; treasurer, Dr. P. H. Welch; financial secretary, Charles V. McAdam; corresponding secretary, Frank J. Hogan. The membership list is as follows: W. J. Sennott, J. Conlan, Jr., N. I. Downey, Robert Pigott, S. T. A. Loftis, William Fortune, S. J. Spain, F. H. Gallagher, Mark Devaney, R. M. Sweitzer, J. C. McShane, John Downey, John G. Ade, Jr., E. F. Kennedy, J. P. Pomeroy, J. Campbell, W. M. Plantz, T. E. Rooney, W. B. Carroll, Eugene Kehoe, Frank Crowk, R. E. Cantwell, T. P. Walls, D. F. Bremner, Jr., J. P. McMahon, Harry J. Baby, D. J. McElherne, W. D. Munhall, P. Hursen, F. E. Donahue, William Powell, George B. Ryan, John F. Mollan, T. F. Mitchell, J. P. McGrath, Frank W. Alter, Eugene Graham, William Norton.

Hope Crushed to Earth

Will rise again in the bosom of a dyspeptic wise enough to substitute for the pseudo-tonics, which have bamboozled him out of his belief in the possibility of cure, the real invigorant and stomachic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The bilious, the nervous, the dyspeptic, the rheumatic alike derive speedy benefit from this helpful botanic medicine. Persons suffering from indigestion will gain no positive permanent good from the fiery, unmedicated stimulants of commerce, too often used recklessly. The Bitters is immeasurably to be preferred to these as a tonic, since its pure basis is modified by the conjunction with it of vegetable ingredients of the highest remedial excellence. Malaria is prevented and remedied by it, and it infuses vigor into the weak and sickly. A wineglassful three times a day is the average dose.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

"Body Rested, Mind at Ease."

That is what it is when traveling on the fast trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway; besides there is no chance to "kick," for the accommodations are up to date, the trains keep moving right along and get there on time. These lines thoroughly cover the territory between Chicago, La Crosse, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Aberdeen, Mitchell, Sioux Falls, Sioux City, Yankton, Council Bluffs, Omaha and Northern Michigan. All the principal cities and towns in that territory are reached by the "St. Paul" lines, connecting at St. Paul, Council Bluffs and Omaha with all lines for points in the far west. Write to F. A. Miller, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill., for one of their new map time tables and a brochure giving a description of the Compartment Sleeping Cars. Tickets furnished by any coupon ticket agent in the United States and Canada. The finest dining-cars in world are run on the solid vestibuled, electric-lighted and steam-heated trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH CHOIR CONCERT.

The sacred concert given by the choir of St. James' Catholic church, Wabash avenue and Twenty-ninth street, last Sunday evening, was a splendid success both in the matter of attendance and performance. Notwithstanding a fierce snowstorm the church was thronged to its full capacity. The following classic programme was rendered in a manner that gave universal satisfaction:

Solo, Organ—Overture—"Tannhauser"..Wagner
Mr. Frederic Archer.
Cantata—"God Thou Art Great".....Spohr
Chorus, "God Thou Art Great," Choir.
Soprano Solo and Chorus, "Thou Earth," Miss Jennie Osborne and Choir.
Recit. "Be Dumb Ye Sinners," Mr. E. R. Sharpe.
Duet, "Children Pray," Miss Josephine Yorke and Mr. A. Burton.
Quartette, "Walk Ye," Miss Osborne, Miss Yorke, Messrs. Burton and Sharpe.
Final Chorus, "God Thou Art Great," Choir.
Solo, Violin—Reverie.....Vieuxtemps
Miss Marie Palge.
Air—"With Verdure Clad".....Haydn
Miss Osborne.
Recit. and Air { "For Behold." "The People that Walked in Darkness." } Handel
Mr. J. Armour Galloway.
Trio and Chorus—"Hearts Feel that Love Thee" (Athalie).....Mendelssohn
Miss Osborne, Miss Smith, Miss Yorke and Choir.
Solo, Organ { *a.* Andante (Serenade) Scharwenka *b.* Fantasia.....L. Wely
Mr. Frederic Archer.
Solo and Chorus—"O Come Let Us Worship"..
Mr. Burton and Choir.
Solo, Violin—Adagio (9th Concerto).....Spohr
Miss Marie Palge.
Aria—"L'altro notte".....Bolto
Mrs. Eda Zuckerman Schramm.
Quintette and Chorus—"O Salutaris" (Lohengrin).....Wagner
Mrs. Schramm, Miss Smith, Miss Yorke, Mr. E. R. Sharpe, Mr. Galloway and Choir.
Solo, Organ—March.....Meyerbeer
Mr. Frederic Archer.
Chorus—"Hallelujah" (Mount of Olives).....Beethoven
The Choir.
Musical Director—Mr. Frederic Archer.

PERSONAL.

Mr. M. J. Cunningham, for twelve years connected with Schlesinger & Mayer, has severed his business relations with that firm, and assumed the position of buyer and general manager of The Fair dry goods department, where he will be pleased to meet his numerous friends and acquaintances.

RUDDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY.

is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. NO POSTALS ANSWERED. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere. Peter Van Schaack & Sons, Rob't Stevenson & Co.; Morrison, Plummer & Co., and Lord, Owen & Co., Wholesale Agents, Chicago, Ill.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

"THE REAPER OF KNOCKROE."

BY "NED OF THE HILL."

[Glenbower is a picturesque and wooded glen to the southeast of Slievenamon. In this glen is a police barrack, which was attacked in '48 by the "boys," when one of their number was shot from the barrack window.]

'Tis sweet to stray on Barrow's banks
And hear the thrushes sing,
When in the morning's early dawn
They make its valleys ring;
And sweet it is by Suir to sit,
And list its murmurs low,
But sweeter was his song to hear—
The "Reaper of Knockroe."

His mind as pure as angels bright
Who dwell with God above;
He loyal, and true, and constant
Was where he had pledged his love;
His frame as lithe as larches
That in Ballydowan grow,
And stately as the red deer stepped
The "Reaper of Knockroe."

His eyes were of the azure blue,
His hair the amber bright;
His kindly smile the summer's dawn,
His frown the blackest night.
As winds that o'er the Irish hills
Through perfumed heather blow,
As free and sweet the manners
Of the "Reaper of Knockroe."

The hares cross lightly yonder hill
In March's early dawn;
The fairy bells they sparkle bright
On thy lov'd breast, Lingaun.
As light as those he tripp'd it,
And as bright as these would glow
His eyes, when on a "middlepiece"
Danced "Mehaul of Knockroe."

His breast was broad and brawny,
And his brain was bright and clear;
At football, fair, or hurlin',
Sure he never met his peer;
The best boy in the barony
To give the sledge a throw—
Ah! the pride of all Tipperary
Was the "Reaper of Knockroe."

He fought for dear old Ireland, too,
And fell at Slievenamon;
To her dark night he longed to bring
The light of Freedom's dawn.
And when that light shall break at last,
True Irishmen, I trow,
Will hold in cherished memory
The "Reaper of Knockroe."

—*Munster Express.*

GAELIC POETRY.

Mairinn an Chliabhraigh.

Séamus Ua Séaghdha cct.

Stadaigh d'bhur starthaibh, tá sailm an bháis 'gá léigheadh,
Tá croidhe ár g-carad ag leághadh go tláith 'sa g-cré,
Tá púdhair a's peannaid, a's sgreadaigh, a's gáir, a's géim,
A's brón, a's mairg ag caitheamh 's ag crádh na n-Gaodhal.

Gaodhail táid creachta gan cheannas, gan chlí, gan réim,
Faoi cheo, faoi sgamall, faoi anfa, faoi smáit, faoi neul;
Gan cheol, gan startha, gan teanga, gan leabhar, gan léigheann,
O d'eug a g-cara, an fairire clúmhail caomh.

Ba caomh ár g cara ag seasamh gan bheann air chách,
Air son ár d-teangan le ceannas, le greann, le grádh,
'Nuair bhí sí tamall faoi sgamall gan rann gan rádh,
Do thug ár seabhac thar n-ais i ó theannta an bháis.

O bhás do sgaoil t—ó chuibhreach dánta dian—
Thug neart agus brigh d'á croidhe bhí bráighte i b-pian;
Do sheol i 'ris i slighe 'n ar stiúradh riamh,
Is mairg thú shíos, a Chliabhraigh, phiúr na bh-Fiann!

A Chliabhraigh cheannasaigh, charthanaigh, chráibhtigh, chaoimh;
A fhir-fhir chalma, a ghean, a's a ghrádh na n-Gaodhal!—
Tabhartas do bhronnais thar mhaithibh le fághail 'sa t-saoghal,
'Nuair thugais aith-bheatha do 'n teangain bhí air fán 's i n-eug.

Ag eugadh go tapaidh bhí an teanga do ghrádhaigh na Gaoidhil
O ghlacamar gealaig a's mearbhal, práis, a's baois,
'Nuair sgaoileamar tharainn gan machtnamh an sár-shaod bhinn,
Gur thugais thar n-ais i faoi ghradam go h-árd aris.

Aris tá an teanga i ngradam i g-Clárluire dír,
Aris tá a ranna 'gá g-canadh i lár gach Cúig',
Aris tá labhairt na leanbh go h-árd 's go h-oll,
'Gá léigheadh, 'gá spreagadh go blasda le fáth 's le fonn.

Le fonn táid éigse 'n gach taobh de chriochaibh Fáil,
Ag cabhradh le cheile go h-éasgaidh 's go dílis grádhach,
Ag togbhaint na Gaedhilge, 'gá saoradh, 'gá siorchoimeád,
Acht is tusa do chaomhnaigh go treun i 'nuair bhí sí tláth!

Tláth agus caithte gan bheatha, gan bhail, gan bhrigh,
Ag stróinsidhibh Gallda go h-aindeis le seal do bhí
Gach sráille thagadh tabhairt tarcuisne 's creach d'á croidhe
Gur éirigh a cara, 's gur neartuigh a tálag aris.

Do neartaighis a cás, a shárfhir mhaordha bhinn,
Le obair gan tlás, le bárr saor-shaothair dhil;
Faoi bhuadhairt 's faoi chrádh 'san ár do chaomhnais i,
Gur chuiris go h-árd i n-a h-áit i n-Eirinn choidhch'.

I n-Eirinn faoi cheannas ad' dheasgaibh tá a ceol aris,
Measg fiadh-chnoc Alban lasann go módh'l a grinn,
In gach tír 's gach talamh mar taithneann an lá 'n-a luighe,
Tá a caoin-cheol, a startha, 's a h-ainm go deo mar bhíodh.

Mar bhíodh tá an teanga i ngradam, i g-cléi, 's i réim—
Bíaidh t'obair 'n-a bheathaidh chomh fada 's bhíaidh drúchd air fhéar,
Acht mo chúmhad chaoidhe, chaithte, faoi leacachaibh dúbhach 'sa g-créidh,
An cuspa do sheasamh a cátha, do bhuadhaigh, a's d'eug.

—*Dublin Gaelic Journal.*

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ESTATE OF ELLA LUSHER, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Ella Lusher, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1895, being the 15th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, February 18, 1895.
JOSEPH L. KOTAL, Administrator.
With the will annexed.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. January Term A. D. 1895. In Chancery. No. 167,568. Notice is hereby given to the said Carl Theunes that the above named complainant in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant is returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of May A. D. 1895, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.
STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.
John McKeough, Complt's Sol'r.

Business Directory.

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HE HAD HIS FAULTS.

ONE OF THE GREATEST OF MEN, WASHINGTON WAS QUITE HUMAN.

The Tendency of Modern Historical Investigation Is Not to Lift Men Upon Cold and Snowy Pinnacles—His Strong Will, His Energy and His Perseverance.

[Copyright, 1895, by American Press Association.]

The tendency which promoted great leaders to the honors of the godhead did not altogether cease with the mythmaking period. Carlyle emphasizes hero worship as the salt which saves poor human nature from dry rot. In other words, it upholds concrete ideals as object lessons to fire the imagination, singing the chant:

> On one clear harp of many tones
> That men may rise on stepping stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things.

It is more than an open question whether this instinct is not easily carried to excess vitiating its own purpose. The idealization of the hero, if it petrifies its object and lifts him above the blood warmth of the human atmosphere, makes the pattern man less virile and vital. Such until a recent period was the tone of historic discussion dealing with George Washington. Chief Justice Marshall, then Jared Sparks, then Washington Irving, who wrote the standard lives of our pater patriæ, followed this method of conception and planted a marble colossus high up on a pedestal in the freezing cold. It was an impeccable deity, before which humanity should bow down and burn perpetual incense, half stifling itself in the fumes.

The more recent tendencies of historic study, what we may term the realistic school, take Washington down from his arctic perch, and without lessening his genuine greatness make him vastly more lovable. He is presented to us in flesh and blood and not in stone. We find that he was a man of very human faults as well as of virtues; that he could give way to fits of fiery wrath and could swear terribly in such moods; that he was very sensitive alike to applause and criticism; that he was often hasty, even harsh, in his judgments, and that he loved dearly to have his own way and could enforce it with an imperious will.

Washington's lack of schooling was quite as complete as that of Abraham Lincoln. He never knew much about that magic wand, the pedagogue's birch. His learning was the fruit of attrition, contact with men and affairs, and he was plunged into a very whirlpool of it when scarcely more than a lad. He was only 23 when he saved the beaten remnant of Braddock's forces, and this was by no means his first trust of importance. With the bluest blood of the colonies running in his veins, he was naturally an aristocrat in the conventional as well as the nobler sense of the word. Noblesse oblige, to live up to the finest there was in him, was a law of life as natural as breathing. Probably none but an aristocrat, one forced by social position from mere boyhood into a great number of public responsibilities, would have had the chance to have so proved his sterling value. This stamp on the coin made him by general choice the picked man of men to lead the Americans in the field when the thundercloud of the Revolution burst. All the traditions of his family and training molded him into a conservative. By instinct and preference he was a royalist. But when he reluctantly felt himself lifted on the tide of public sentiment, swelling through all the colonies, he gave himself heart and soul to the work. It may be too nice a point of speculation, but one is tempted to believe that had Washington been one whit more of the demagogue, one whit less of the aristocrat, he would have failed to have welded that permanent adherence of men of blood, family and social prestige to the Revolutionary cause on which success so much depended.

Judged by all the laws of military probability the American Revolution should have been a failure. It was a house divided against itself. There were almost as many Tories as patriots. The enemy was the greatest power then existing by land and sea. Among the chief causes which finally assured the triumph of the colonies, the personal factor, the leadership of George Washington, was not the least important. As a military genius he does not rank among the first 10, scarcely perhaps among the world's second 20 great soldiers. Yet critics of the art of war, if they find few magnificent coups, can scarcely point to a mistake in his military plans. In the talents of the statesmen he was not great—scarcely even commonplace as orator and writer. He was essentially the man of affairs, not the man of words. It was his profound and imperturbable sagacity, a lighthouse shining serenely above the beat and roar of the waves, that made him a master of men. It was common sense raised to its superlative and become genius. Temperament and character entered into it equally with mind. The final product was one of those personalities so symmetrical and balanced as to stand isolated among the world's leaders. Perhaps nowhere else in history do we find a great man with whom the absolute touchstone of right and wrong was the golden test, one in whom the perception of right and wrong was so luminous and direct. All classes, plebeian and gentle, poor and rich, felt that here was a tower of safety, rock bottomed in integrity and strength.

Four square to every wind that blew.

So Washington has continued to the world's eye a type of the public servant whose patriotic devotion never bends from the straight line of what is essentially and eternally true. He was not a typical American, for Americanism has crystallized since his day. He was far more nearly an Englishman in taste and habit. But he is in no sense national or racial as a historic figure. He belongs to the whole world as much as Homer or Shakespeare.

G. T. FERRIS.

WASHINGTON CHRONOLOGY.

Born in Westmoreland county, Va., Feb. 22 (old style Feb. 11), 1732.

Made commander of the northern military district of Virginia by Lieutenant Governor Dinwiddie when but 19 years of age, in 1751.

Sent to warn the French away from their new forts in western Pennsylvania at the outbreak of the French and Indian war in 1753.

Made commander in chief of all the Virginia forces in 1755.

Commanded the advance guard of the expedition that captured Fort Duquesne in 1758, shortly after which he married Mrs. Custis.

Wrote concerning the "nonimportation resolution," which had just reached him, advising opposition to the policy of the ministry April 5, 1769.

Appointed as one of seven delegates by the Virginia convention to the continental congress in 1774. His national career may be said to have begun with this appointment. He had previously served as a member of the state legislature for several terms.

Commissioned commander in chief of the continental troops June 15, 1775, after the fight at Lexington and Concord. Reached Cambridge July 2, after the battle of Bunker Hill, which occurred June 17.

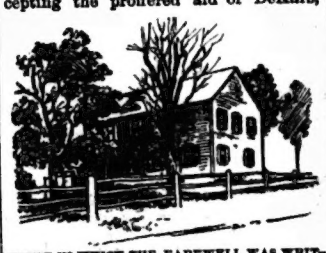
Jan. 2, 1776, Washington hoisted the Union flag, consisting of seven stripes, like in the flag of today, but with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew in the field of blue in the corner.

After nearly a year of the most trying sort drove the British out of Boston, March 17, 1776. After this Washington went to New York, signed the Declaration of Independence, which was adopted July 4, and had the document read to his soldiers July 9, 1776.

Battle of Long Island Aug. 28. Evacuation of New York by Washington.

Crossed to New Jersey, was pursued across the state into Pennsylvania, recrossed the Delaware Christmas night, captured Trenton and 1,000 Hessian soldiers. Battle of Princeton, Washington victorious, Jan. 3, after which his headquarters were established at Morristown, N. J.

After various maneuvers, lasting through the spring and summer, and accepting the proffered aid of DeKalb,



HOUSE IN WHICH THE FAREWELL WAS WRITTEN.

Kosciusko, Pulaski, Steuben and Lafayette, Washington engaged Howe at Brandywine Creek, Sept. 11, 1777. Attacked British troops in Germantown Oct. 4, but was driven back, after which headquarters were established in Valley Forge.

Suffered great hardships with his men all that winter, was plotted against, but not abased, by his rivals for the place of commander in chief, fought the battle of Monmouth early June 28, 1778, and after a summer and autumn devoid of any great battles in which Washington took part went into winter quarters near Middlebrook, N. J.

Seventeen hundred and seventy-nine was marked by no special battles in which Washington was commander, and the same was true of 1780, but it was his firmness and everlasting watchfulness that forced inaction on the part of the British. The capture and execution of Andre and the flight of Arnold, the traitor, occurred in 1780, and both years there were notable successes on the part of the continental troops in the south and elsewhere.

Surrender of Yorktown and Gloucester, Va., by General Cornwallis to Washington, Oct. 19, 1781.

British evacuated New York Nov. 25, 1783. Washington as commander in chief bade farewell to his officers Dec. 4, and resigned his commission as commander in chief to congress Dec. 28, after which he returned to his home at Mount Vernon.

Sent by Virginia to the constitutional convention held in Philadelphia in May, 1787.

Elected first president of the United States by the unanimous vote of the electors in 1789, he was formally inaugurated in New York April 30, 1789. He was re-elected in 1792 and retired from the presidency in 1797.

Made commander in chief of the provincial army, raised in expectation of a war with France, in 1798.

Died, after a brief illness, Dec. 14, 1799.

Washington Sometimes Despondent.

It is the fashion to speak of all who have succeeded in writing their names high on history's page as though they never gave way to the temptation to be despondent. Yet if the facts could only be known it is the very men who have within themselves the ability to finally win the victory that are apt at times to become most deeply involved in the sloughs of despond. Washington himself was subject to periods of the most intense depression, as witness this passage from a letter to a friend, written at Valley Forge:

"The history of the war is a history of false hopes and temporary expedients. Would to God they were to end here."

In another letter he said after a most gloomy recital of the reasons he had for being low spirited:

"To me it will appear miraculous if our affairs can maintain themselves much longer in their present train."

But Washington possessed the power of recovering from these fits of the blues and of putting forth every effort, after they were over, as if they had never fallen to his lot, and therein lay the true secret of his final triumph and his imperishable glory.

THE FIRST ENGRAVING OF WASHINGTON.

Here is a reproduction, without color, of the first engraving ever made of George Washington. The only print known to be in existence at this time is in possession of Charles F. Gunther of Chicago, whose collection of relics of the Father of His Country ranks very high indeed. The original print is all in black, except for the blanket on the horse, which is colored red and yellow, and the rider's coat, which is blue, with yellow epaulets, and a red sash across the breast.

IF HE HAD DREAMED

THE PROPHETIC VISION THAT MIGHT HAVE VISITED WASHINGTON.

The Federation Was to Grow From an Insignificant Power In the Wilderness to One of the Most Powerful and Extensive Nations of the Earth.

Suppose George Washington had dreamed of the future greatness of the popular empire he was so instrumental in founding.

Suppose that when his heart was most cast down, when he and his little army of ragged continentals were freezing and starving through the short days and long nights of the winter at Valley Forge, he had lain down to sleep and been privileged to behold a prophetic vision. It would have been one of the most wonderful dreams that have ever visited mortal man. It would have given him new life, new heart, new strength. Not many of those who will peruse these lines have the slightest idea of the marvels that would have been unfolded to the Father of His Country in that vision even though they daily behold them.

All Americans know abstractly the progress of the republic has been unexampled in the history of the world and the race, but few have any comprehension of the glorious facts, which are really so notable that he who can contemplate them without an accession of patriotic feeling is a poor coot, a creature in whose veins there circulates a fluid more like rainwater than the strong and virile blood of healthy manhood.

HEADQUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE.

When Washington was at Valley Forge, the people for whom he was fighting the battles that should weld the colonies into one of the chief nations of the earth occupied, and but sparsely, only a narrow strip of territory along the Atlantic coast. It was but partially subdued. There were no roads worth speaking of, nearly all manufactured products had to be brought from abroad, the institutions of learning were feeble and widely scattered, of culture there was great lack, and the beginnings of art and literature on this side of the Atlantic were yet to be made.

Now—now the United States is one of the dominant powers of the whole earth, and if there is serious lack in any direction of human progress whatever it is only because not quite time enough has yet elapsed since the first blow for American independence was struck. In all considerings of the growth and evolution of this land and nation it should be remembered that the nation is not yet quite 118 years old and that at its birth more than nine-tenths of its territory was a wilderness absolutely untrodden by the white man.

George Washington's dream at Valley Forge would have been of a nation of 70,000,000 souls, or more than 20 times as great as the population then, for in 1780 there were, according to the first federal census, but 3,070,000 inhabitants here. He would have been vastly amazed no doubt by the fact that in less than 120 years the residents of the United States were to bear the numerical proportion of 7 to 4 when compared with the population of the British isles. He would have marveled at the wonderful urban growth of the nation he was founding, and the fact that beside a round half dozen of the cities that were to be in the United States the London of that day was a small town would have seemed incredible.

He could not but have been amazed by the territorial growth of the country as revealed in his dream, for among other things he would have seen that all France could be put down within the area of the largest state of the Union of the future and leave sufficient vacant space from which to lay out a country as large as Turkey in Europe. Yet the figures of such a dream would have been more than true, for the area of Texas is 265,780 square miles, that of France 204,092 and that of Turkey in Europe but 61,200, so that even after taking France and Turkey from the Lone Star State's territory a strip of land 10 miles wide and 48 4-5 miles long would be left over.

Possibly that would have been the most startling of all the features of the dream to him, for France occupied no doubt a very prominent place in all his thoughts by reason of its friendly attitude to the new power this side the sea, but it would have been really of less import than the fact that the distance from the as yet unfounded capital of the new republic to the most remote state thereof was nearly a third as much again as the distance between London and St. Petersburg. And yet that again is true, and the traveler who should journey as far eastward from Paris—then, as now, the capital of France—as from Washington, the capital of the United States, to Tacoma, would pass through Rome, once the capital of the greatest empire of paganism, to Constantinople, the ancient capital of the Byzantine empire, on through Turkey, in Europe, into Persia and to Teheran, its capital, and still more startling comparisons of distances might be made if Alaska, the unorganized arctic possessions of the republic, were to be taken into consideration.

Washington's dream would have shown him, moreover, that in the years to come his country was to lead all others in the production of wheat; of silver; of all but one, the then undiscovered giant island, Australia, in the output of gold; was to be second to Great Britain only in the mining of coal, was to be exceeded in foreign commerce only by Great Britain and Germany, and was to possess a larger internal commerce and better facilities for internal communication than any other nation in the world. He would have seen, too, that his country was to be uniformly successful in whatever wars it became involved in with foreign powers, and that it was to be wrenched and torn by the most stupendous civil strife the world has ever beheld; that, principally owing to its existence and development, a new problem in the affairs of government—the labor question—was to arise, and that the differences between kings and potentates were sometimes insignificant by the side of the contests between employers and employees.

In place of the few schools, the scattered writers, who treated almost exclusively of politics, and the almost nonexistent artist classes, he would have beheld vast universities equal in most respects to the most venerable old world institutions of learning and excelling them in some regards, a literary class larger in proportion to population than anywhere else on earth, especially if those in active journalism be included, and a great, enthusiastic and successful following of every so called artistic calling in the world.

Many things would have puzzled him immensely, no doubt. The problems of today, from their very magnitude, if from no other cause, would probably have seemed quite as difficult as those which confronted him at Valley Forge, perhaps more so. There would have been many apparent crudities. The telegraph, the railroad, the telephone, the phonograph, the trolley car, the new woman, the municipal boss, the mop headed football player, the pretty typewriter, the bicyclist of both sexes—all these would have amazed him not less perhaps than the polyglot speech of the vast population and the vastly different costumes and customs of the people.

I. D. MARSHALL.

WHEN WASHINGTON WANTED MONEY

During His Retirement at Mount Vernon the Sheriff Was Constantly Threatening.

Down to the date of his leaving the command of the continental troops and "retiring" to Mount Vernon the life of Washington had been one continual series of anxieties and conflicts, but these had been borne on behalf of the public and not himself or any of his friends or family. He was to find, however, that contests and struggle come to the private individual as well as to the man of affairs, and these smaller matters were to greatly try his soul, whereat perhaps many of the rest of us, who are sometimes unduly worried by small matters, may take courage to begin anew.

It may have been anticipated by Washington that after a military career with a triumphant termination he might find plantation life a little irksome, but he never complained of that. He did complain, and bitterly, however, of his lack of money. His complainings were not unnatural, seeing that not before since his fifteenth birthday had he been hard up, and that both he and his wife had begun life in the possession of what were in those days "ample fortunes." Washington's straitened circumstances at this time were not in any sense due to extravagance or to lack of attention to business. On the contrary, he appears to have been one of the most industrious, most methodical and most frugal planters going. Every morning he was up at 4 o'clock, and clad in the coarsest homespun he rode daily 18 or 20 miles over his plantation, inspecting the crops and the work that was being done on them. Mrs. Washington was as industrious as her husband, as indeed she had to be, looking after the household on a plantation of thousands of acres like Mount Vernon. There were, however, times that might have been spent in recreation or possibly rest, but we are told that neither repose nor pleasure was indulged in at these times. Instead she devoted herself to "knitting fine woolen hosiery" for herself, her family and its friends. One would at first imagine that the Father of His Country and his spouse lived the lives of a pair of money grubbers but for the further recorded fact that at least once a week "the horns rang out through the merry glades, ladies and gentlemen in scarlet coats and dresses followed the baying hounds, the gray fox doubled through the mazy woods, and Washington, with shouts and cheers, mounted on his fleetest horse, was always in at the death."

The administration of the estate and household at this time is reported to have been almost perfect. Visitors were charmed with universal order and simplicity, but the cruel fact remained that the man who had won the American Revolution could not pay his bills and was constantly being annoyed by the sheriffs, who threatened with a "distress," whatever that may have been. Washington tried hard to sell a part of his land in order that he might meet some of his more pressing obligations, but in vain. He had plenty of money, such as it was, awarded to him by congress, but it was nearly worthless through depreciation.

He wrote to his mother, then an old woman, and described his situation tersely, saying that he knew not "where to find a shilling." Finally in 1788 he had to borrow a few hundred pounds of a neighbor, to whom he wrote in apology for soliciting aid: "I have put off the sheriff of the county three times. If he comes again, I must suffer him to make distress."

Just when his personal affairs were at the lowest ebb he was again called by his country, but not to war. This time his services were needed at the constitutional convention, and the results of that gathering are well known. The constitution was adopted, Washington was made president, and the life of the federal government was begun.

Didn't Admire Washington's Taste.

Billy (who has been taken by his mother to see a woman 104 years old)—Ma says George Washington kissed old Mrs. Centuria when she was a baby.

Bobby—I always did think he was a fool ever since I heard about the hatchet and the cherry tree, and now I know it!

Washington's Dress and Manners.

Washington was neat and careful in his dress, but not the least inclined to foppishness. Whatever he made use of or wore he wished to be in good taste and the best of its kind. He was fond of children, considerate of the feelings of others, kind and liberal to servants, punctual to engagements, circumspect in his intercourse with people in general, painstaking and explicit in his business transactions. A memorandum in his journal of 1748 gives minute directions to his tailor, which begins as follows: "Have my coat made by the following directions, to be made a Frocke with Lapel Breast," etc. The memorandum is long and very specific in its directions.

Fast.

Red's a fast color—yes, fast to run.
Vida, the fight at Lexington.
—Floating.

WASHINGTON.

O fatherland, so great and free!
The prize that valiant heroes won,
The joyful harp we tune to thee
Commemorates thy noblest son.
To him we give our thoughts today,
A thankful, childish, patriot band;
We twine the laurel and the bay
And crown him father of our land.

Oh, not like proud Ambition's son
That soared to fame in ancient Rome,
Not like the Mars who battles won
And found Helena for a home.
No chains were forged thy name to raise
Above the legal lords of earth,
No groaning captives sang thy praise
Or flattered crimes to deeds of worth.

Sleep on in peace, O hallowed shade!
Sleep on, the father of the free!
The trees that guard the southern glade
Their tender sobs are all for thee!
The oak that decks our northern vale
And boldly braves the drifting snows
Through summer calm or winter hail
Shall teach defiance to thy foes.
—M. V. Gormley.

"IN LIGHTER VEIN."

When Washington Felt Like It, He Could Unbend Like Other Folks.

Notwithstanding that it is now generally conceded that Washington was thoroughly human and not at all a man who had his emotions and passions under perfect control, as his earlier biographers would have it, he was not often wont to unbend himself in the presence of any one not of his immediate family. Once, however, when he dined with Chief Justice Ellsworth of Connecticut at the latter's residence in Windsor, he relaxed completely.

During his stay in the house he was taken into the nursery and introduced to the chief justice's twin boys, who were later to be known as Governor Ellsworth

WASHINGTON SINGING "THE DERBY RAM."

and Hon. Henry L. Ellsworth. These boys were taken up by the great man and each placed upon a knee. Then the personage sang to them this version of

"THE DERBY RAM."

As I was going to Derby
Upon a market day
I spied the biggest ram, sir,
That ever was fed on hay.
Tow de row de row,
Tow de row de da!

He had four feet to walk, sir;
He had four feet to stand,
And every foot he had, sir,
Covered an acre of land.

The wool upon his back, sir,
It reached unto the sky,
And eagles built their nests there,
For I heard their young ones cry.

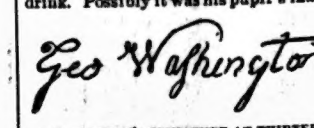
The wool upon his tail, sir,
I heard the weaver say,
Made three thousand yards of cloth, sir,
For he wove it all in a day.

There seems to be no sort of doubt about the authenticity of this anecdote, as it has been handed down in the Ellsworth family from generation to generation to the present representatives thereof.

WASHINGTON'S SCHOOLDAYS.

He Never Learned to Spell, but He Got a Solid Knowledge of Mathematics.

As a matter of fact little is known about George Washington's schooldays. His first teacher was named Hobby, and he was sexton as well as pedagogue of the Virginia parish in which the Washington family settled. Hobby was not a man of wide information or of deep culture. It is to be inferred that he knew how to write legibly and to teach the art skillfully, for the one pupil of his school who was destined to be illustrious wrote a clear plain hand. But, judging from the letters and other writings of the immortal George that are now extant, the teacher knew very little about orthography. At least he taught young George very little, for his spelling would drive a modern schoolmaster to drink. Possibly it was his pupil's inabil-



WASHINGTON'S SIGNATURE AT THIRTEEN.

ity or lack of desire to learn to spell that brought about the lack of cordiality that is said to have existed between them, though it is stated on excellent authority that in a very short time after entering Hobby's school the pupil knew as much if not more than the master.

Washington, pere, died in 1743, when Washington, fils, was but 11 years old. He then went to live with his half brother Augustine and attended a school kept by a man named Williams. There he studied no language but the English, and, the story goes, devoted little attention to that, confining himself principally to mathematics. This stood him in good stead when he became a surveyor.

The future general and first president of this republic, at the time he went to school to Mr. Williams, was tall, active and muscular and was so generally considered quite capable of thrashing any one of his companions that no one ever had the temerity to pick a quarrel with him.

Crushed Again.

We celebrate today with glee
Great George's birth.
Although he could not tell a lie,
Yet most men can and do. That's why
Ere set of sun we'll surely see
Truth crushed to earth.
—Exchange.

REMEMBER ALAMO.

STORY OF ONE OF THE MOST HEROIC FIGHTS IN HISTORY.

Magnificent Defense of 175 Men Against the Attacks of 4,000—Colonel Bowie, Unable to Stand, Fought With Telling Effect Until the Breath Left His Body.

It is a safe wager that nine out of every eleven boys who are proficient in the use of a bowie knife have not the slightest idea where the instrument got its name.

Colonel Bowie of Texas fame gave the knife its title.

And when one writes of the Texas hero one must needs think of the battle of Alamo—that heroic fight of which our American boys and girls seem to think so little and half of them know nothing whatever.

They read how the brave soldiers fought and held the pass of Thermopylæ, but they seldom think of how a mere handful of men defended the Alamo mission—how they dropped fighting on their knees and then died facing the foe.

If you should go to the historical city of San Antonio, in Texas, you will see the old mission building standing, with battered, bullet pierced walls, a monument to the 172 heroes of 1836. Behind these walls the most important battle in the war between Mexico and Texas was fought. That was when Santa Anna was president and the Texans were fighting for their independence. Here it was that Colonel Bowie ended his brave life, dying with his boots on and fighting under the most terrible odds. The story is this, and every American child should know it by heart, that he may tell it with pride when other nations are talking of their great deeds:

One hundred and forty-five men under Captain Travis, a young man of 28, were holding the town of San Antonio against General Santa Anna and 4,000 men. They were the only defenders of the town and were ensconced in the old mission of the Alamo. Davy Crockett was also with them and Colonel Bowie, who was wounded and stretched out on his cot. Of artillery they had only 14 pieces.

Santa Anna demanded surrender, but the little garrison held out for ten days, skirmishing secretly for food and water. Every shot sent out of the mission house told, but not one of the Alamo heroes was hurt. Patience and strength, however, were being rapidly exhausted. Some of the little band were falling sick; others were desperate. Re-enforcements had been appealed for, but none had come. Colonel Lamein, with 300 men and four pieces of artillery, had started in answer to the appeal, but had put in somewhere for fresh water and food supplies.

At last Captain Smith joined the exhausted band with 32 men. Three days after General Santa Anna ceased the bombarding, and taking advantage of this Captain Travis called his men into line and frankly owned that there was no earthly hope for them; that he had led them into this thinking that re-enforcements were on the way. He does not utter one word against Lamein for failing him. He simply gives them their choice of deaths. They can surrender and be shot down or be killed fighting out their revenge. The captain drew a line and said, "Every man who is determined to remain here and to die with me will come to me across this line." Every soldier but one crossed at once.

When they finished, Colonel Bowie looked up, with his arm in a sling, and cried: "Boys, don't leave me! Won't some of you carry me across?" And the only backward step they made was to go over the line and carry the colonel to the young captain's side. The man Rose, who was a coward, dropped over the wall into a ditch to tell the tale. And then came the terrible day.

Santa Anna brought all his forces to bear on the fortress. The scaling ladders were again and again raised, but those who placed them were shot down like grain. Four thousand men charging into 175 seemed easy enough, but it soon reduced the 4,000. At last numbers conquered, and the Mexicans climbed over into the Alamo. The little band of defenders were trampled on and beaten, but they dropped to their knees and hacked and shot and pierced until the pile of the dead was awful. Colonel Bowie, too weak to rise from his cot, leans on his elbow and marks his man every time he pulls the trigger. Cut, bleeding, he continues to kill until the pistol drops and the breath leaves his body. Davy Crockett, standing in a corner, fights like a panther, and the young captain, backed against the wall, surrenders only when run through and through.

The great battle is over. The Mexicans have won. Out of the 172 Texans are 172 dead. No Spartans were braver or more tenacious, for they killed 522 of their enemies and wounded 500 more. Texas, though, was finally freed, and whenever great deeds thrill young boys' hearts they should think of that splendid piece of American daring and say, as Houston said to his men, "Remember the Alamo."—St. Louis Republic.

Ambitious.

A well known and popular singing teacher recently received the following letter:

"Will you be good enough to let me know your charge for voice production? I have no singing voice, but I would be willing to pay you well if you can produce one for me, because singers earn a good deal more than I can make in the tripe trade here."—London Answers.

Drumming Up Trade.

The College Trustee—Say, we are in bad luck. Only 25 new students coming in at the next term.

The Head of the College Faculty—Never mind. I'll send the football team and two glee clubs out on the road ahead of the other colleges this year.—Chicago Record.

AN ECCENTRIC PAINTER.

Turner's Studio and Methods a Curiosity to Visitors.

Broderip and Sir Richard Owen, says the latter in his "Reminiscences," walked together to Turner's residence, which was slightly dingy in outward appearance. When they arrived at the door, they waited some time before their ring at the bell was answered. At last an elderly person opened the door a few inches and asked them suspiciously what they wanted. They replied that they wished to see Mr. Turner. The door was immediately shut in their faces, but after a time the person came back to say that they might enter. When they got into the hall, she showed them into a room and forthwith shut the door upon them. They then discovered, with some dismay, that this apartment was in total darkness, with the blinds down and the shutters up. After a prolonged interval they were told they might go up stairs. Upon arriving at the topmost story they perceived Turner standing before several easels and taking his colors from a circular table which he swung around to get at the paints he required. He was painting several pictures at once, passing on from one to the other and applying to each in its turn the particular color he was using till it was exhausted.

After showing them all that there was to be seen Turner vouchsafed the explanation of the treatment which they experienced upon entering the house. He said that the bright light outside would have spoiled their eyes for properly appreciating the pictures, and that to see them to advantage an interval of darkness was necessary. At this stage of the interview Broderip had to leave for some engagement, and then an event took place which Owen declares that none of his artist friends would ever believe. Turner offered him a glass of wine. It was while they were coming down stairs that he first discovered the symptoms of an inward struggle going on in Turner's bosom. When they were passing a little cupboard on the landing, this struggle reached a climax. Finally Turner said, "Will you—will you have a glass of wine?" This offer having been accepted, after a good deal of groping in the cupboard a decanter was produced, of which the original stopper had been replaced by the cork, with the remains of some sherry at the bottom. This Owen duly consumed and shortly afterward took his leave, with many expressions of the pleasure this visit had afforded him and a disturbing conviction that the sherry might lurk indefinitely in his system.

FEAR AS A CAUSE OF DEATH.

The Imagination a Potent Factor In Acquiring a Fatal Disease.

"Of the whole number of persons supposed to die of disease," said a prominent physician the other day, "I should say that at least 50 per cent are really carried away by fear. Were it not for this element mortality would be far less than it is."

In support of his statement he cited various cases where the element of fear had entered largely in as a potent factor to persuade people that their time had come. Presentiments, prophecies, premonitions and general nervousness all played their part. Some years ago four criminals, condemned in Russia to die, were taken to a house and shown several beds, in which, they were told, a number of cholera patients had died. In fact, the beds were new, never having been slept in. The criminals were informed that they would be set at liberty if they would undergo the ordeal of sleeping several nights in the beds. From the prisoners' point of view it was a possible though desperate chance of escape. They one and all decided to take the chances. At the end of the time prescribed two were uninjured and went free, but the others developed all the symptoms and died of Asiatic cholera.

Two physicians determined to take advantage of the impressionable mind of a female patient and prove a theory for the benefit of science. The lady had complained of an itching on her back. She was told that a blister would be applied. Instead a common postage stamp was applied, and, so runs the chronicle, performed all the offices of the plaster which was not there.

A college professor was once the subject of a practical joke at the hands of the students. They met him one after another, and each successively inquired after his health, saying that he looked ill. He took to his bed, a physician was called, and for days the professor imagined he was ill.—New York World.

Refined Cruelty In France.

The humanitarian lady who will not wear birds in her bonnet or eat flesh meat or permit down pillows to soften her lot in life should turn her attention to a refined cruelty that is at the moment a vogue in certain districts in France. For the manufacture of a certain superfine cloth called sibeline rabbits are plucked alive, and the long fur thus obtained is woven into the aforesaid texture. A particular breed of rabbits is only suitable, and these hapless creatures are carefully tended after the plucking process until their fur grows again. The thing is inexcusably cruel, and no woman would surely encourage the sale or manufacture of such cloth if her heart, not to say sensibility, is in the right place.—Chicago Post.

A Poison Bottle.

A new style of bottle for poisons that is described by The Lancet has the neck on one side and is of such a shape that it will not stand up. Lying on a table, the word poison and the label would always be in view, and by reason of its peculiar form it would not be mistaken for the ordinary bottle.

Dozens of cows' heads in terra cotta, bronze, gold and silver were found at Mycenæ. They are believed to be the symbol of the goddess of the city.

Pocomoke, the designation of a Maryland stream means "broken by islands."

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County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, P. Holden.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Finegan.
The County Board meets the second Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at 83 E. Madison-st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—M. J. Maloney, Pres, Room 306, 120 Randolph st; T A Becket, V-P; Michael Tuohy, Rec Sec, 1424 Jackson st; Wm Terrill, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; M Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div. 3—J J Cullinan, Pres, 3034 Sullivan court; James Perkins, V-P; John Lavelle, Rec Sec, 624 Elston av; James Shannon, Fin Sec; M Naughton, Treas. Meet at cor North av and Holt st, 2d Monday and 4th Sunday at 8:30 and 2:30 p m.

Div 4—Michael Blake, Pres, 708 31st st; Peter F Radigan, V P; James McGuire, Rec Sec, 2946 Union av; Daniel Collins, Fin Sec; William McAvoy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, cor Canal pot av and Union st.

Div 5—P F Golden, Pres, 141 W Harrison st; James J Brennan, V-P; Thos E Collins, R S, 343 W Indiana st; Daniel Cullinane, F S; O'Connor Lynch, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Friday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4467 Princeton av; M G Butler, V-P; H H Ryan, Rec Sec, 3673 State st; James F Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Foley hall, 712 W Forty-third st, 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; Patk Behan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 2733 Hickory st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 3 p m.

Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; T E Monahan, V P; Thomas H Donohoe, R S, 117 E Erie st; J F Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 10—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 3029 Dyer st; Thos Gallagher, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4439 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Gallagher, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 495 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meets in Anchor hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarty, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2901 Archer av; T J Maney, V P; M Jordan, Rec Sec, 2501 Archer av; D J Sullivan, Fin Sec; S J Moloney, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday, in K of P hall, 3001 Archer av, at 8 p m.

Div 14—Henry F Boyle, Pres, 2938 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas L O'Connor, Rec Sec, 294 30th st; Patrick J Lioge, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—P J Shine, Pres, 943 Fifty-fifth st; Martin Muihall, V P; Terrence Dunn, Rec Sec, 5336 Bristol st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; Michael Duffy, Treas. Meet N E cor 31st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 5818 Justine st; John Larner, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 4644 Laflin st; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; John McGinty, Treas. Meets 4th Sunday each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, 3252 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V P; Chas P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—Martin Loftus, Pres, 2240 W Kinzie st; James Collins, V-P; Timothy Collins, Rec Sec, 2489 W Fulton st; Wm O Mara, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet in Schoenhoffen's hall, cor W Lake and 43d st, last Friday each month at 8 p m.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4525 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2301 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Albambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Sandeter's hall, 25th place and Canal st.

Div 23—W J Donnelly, Pres, 1253 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4416 Dryer st; James Meehan, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

Div 25—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4656 Wentworth av; Thos Killoughy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, 31st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 29—P J O'Reilly, Pres, P O Box 358, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1329, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., 10810 Calhoun av; F C Barnett, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, 10810 Hoxie av; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Wm Heslin, Treas. Meet in Fink's hall, Cummings, Ill, 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; M O'Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3656 Emerald av; P O Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson av; J H Ryan, V-P; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 5437 Lake av; Barney Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwich, Treas. Meet at 5539 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

Pres't, J H Carmody, 29 Vernon Park place; V-P, D J Solon; Rec Sec, J P Harding, 3615 Morgan st; Fin Sec, M J Ryan; Treas, P O'Beirne; Knight Commander, John Dadie; V-Kt Comdr, T J Ryan; Sergt-at-Arms, P Morris. Meet 4th Thursday of each month, 8 p m, in Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. David L Barry, President, 22 Plum-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V. P; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 388 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor-st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBRILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 434 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Kumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 22, 69 Dearborn st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. . O'Malley, H M E, 109 Blue Island-av.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George R Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 93 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m. and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 528 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 297 West Eighteenth-st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hisman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 189 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eiler, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 2350 Yorktown st W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec Wm White, Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st J R O'Halloran, Fin Sec L Foley, Treas Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st. John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 59th st; T B S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas. William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2301 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4729 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Paulina st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 32 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 189 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 18th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 122 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Geoghegan; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stepoen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 685 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 129 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3805 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3729 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5612 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Tressen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Scamitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, F T Praite, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Boufard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John F Long, 2901 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3540 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 268 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heilmuth; T, F Mueller [illegible]

McMullen No 45—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 621 Oak st; R S, A P Drase, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

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FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER. MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE. $80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80. OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60. OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80. OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH. WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50. OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is especially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.

GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS. HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50. OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH. HUNTING CASE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75. OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH. OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75. OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings. Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulater, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case	$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved)	$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved)	$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting	$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face	$10.00

"THE LIMITED."

14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—No. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulater, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."

LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—No. 2488. PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.

1778. 1895.

THE 117TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

OF THE BIRTH OF

ROBERT EMMET

Under the Auspices of the Irish Nationalists of Chicago at

THE AUDITORIUM

ON

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 4, 1895.

The Following Programme Will Be Rendered.

1. Address, by the Chairman.....Mr. John F. Finerty
2. "The Star Spangled Banner".....Mrs. Genevra Johnnstone Bishop
3. Emmet's Speech in the Dock.....Mr. Samuel Kayzer
4. "The Minstrel Boy" (In Irish).....Mr. M. J. Murphy
5. Instrumental Music, Ancient Irish Airs.....Mr. Clarence Eddy
6. Address.....Mr. Alexander Sullivan
7. "The Pretty Maid Milking her Cow," (in Irish) with Harp Accompaniment.....Sigora M. Inez Carusi
8. Address of Societies.....Read by Mr. P. H. Keenan
9. "Kathleen Mavourneen".....Miss Eugenia Bayard
10. "God Save Ireland".....Mr. J. J. Phelan

ADMISSION, to all parts of the house, ... 50 CENTS

Tickets ONLY will be received in exchange for Reserved Seats on Feb. 25, 26 and 27. Tickets or currency received in exchange for Reserved Seats on and after Feb. 28.

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